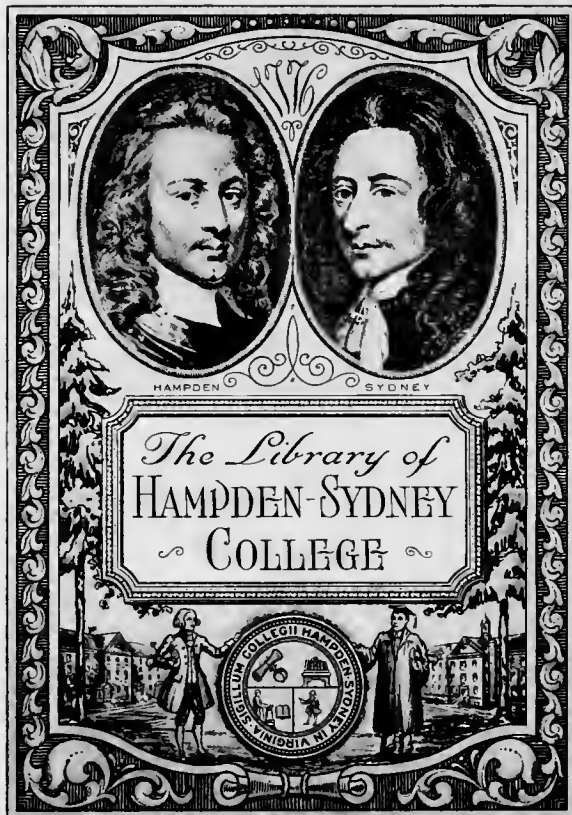


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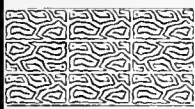
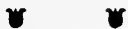
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# Kaleidoscope

VOLUME

VIII



Published by the Students of

**Hampden-Sidney College**

MDCCC

Printed by

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company

Roanoke, Virginia

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To  
Miss Louie Marcia Norton

in grateful recognition and remembrance  
of her assistance to this

“Kaleidoscope,”

and to those of by-gone years,  
this volume is dedicated  
by the students of

Hamden-Sidney College

40598

## Foreword.

Ere the curtain drops and the play is o'er,  
And the wond'rous tints of the costumes fade,  
We pray you turn to the stage once more  
For the part we had in the masquerade ;  
And out of your grace pray grant us aid,  
And read of the old life tenderly,  
For the days and ways that are here displayed  
Are the days and ways of old Arcady.

For the stately grace of the days of yore  
Still lends its charm to our classic shades,  
And we tell of a life that is ours no more,  
The care-free life of the old arcades ;  
We shall dream, as we dabble in books and trades,  
Of the things that never again shall be,  
For he never forgets who once has strayed  
Through the days and ways of old Arcady.

So we drink to the careless hearts we bore,  
To the long, long list of our midnight raids,  
And the wine that drips to the marble floor  
Is red as the lips of the dainty maids  
That we loved—but the tale of our escapades  
Lies hid by the veiling tapestry  
In the little story that we have made  
Of the days and ways of old Arcady.

## L'ENVOI.

So friends, when the morning radiance fades,  
And your lives drag on too wearily,  
Remember the place that the gods have made  
For the days and ways of old Arcady.





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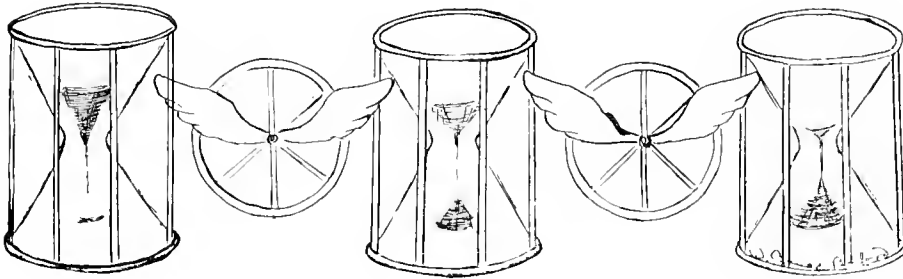
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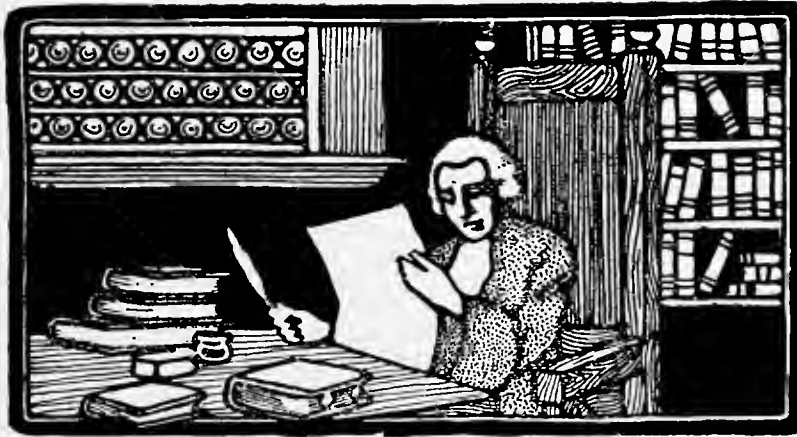
1899.

- SEPTEMBER 12, Examination of candidates for admission into College.  
 SEPTEMBER 13, Session opened at 4:00 p. m., with a Public Address, by Rev. E. T. Wellford,  
 Newport News, Virginia.  
 NOVEMBER 30, Thanksgiving Day. Holiday.  
 DECEMBER 23, Christmas Recess begins.

1900.

- JANUARY 2, . Second Term begins.  
 FEBRUARY 22, Washington's Birthday, Intermediate Celebration of the Literary Societies, and  
 Orations by Members of the Senior and Junior Classes.  
 APRIL 20, . . Field-Day Exercises.  
 JUNE 10, . . Baccalaureate Sermon.  
 JUNE 11, . . Board of Trustees Meets at 8:00 p. m.  
 JUNE 11, . . Celebration of the Union Society, at 8:00 p. m.  
 JUNE 11, . . Examination of candidates for admission into College.  
 JUNE 12, . . Address before the Literary Societies, at 11:00 a. m.  
 JUNE 12, . . Address before the Society of Alumni, at 12:00 m.  
 JUNE 12, . . Celebration of the Philanthropic Society, at 8:00 p. m.  
 JUNE 13, . . Commencement Exercises at 11:00 a. m.  
 JUNE 13, . . Senior Class Celebration at 8:00 p. m.



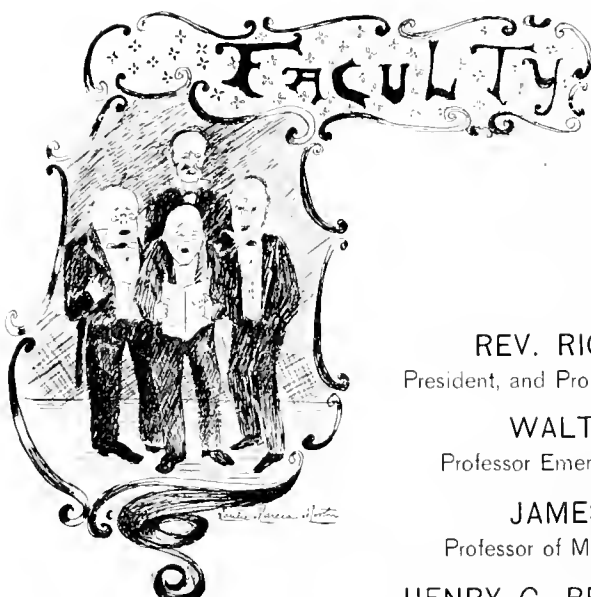


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## Le Gant De Claire.

---

Far down the ringing lists I hear  
The tide of combat come,  
The rattling clash of arms that flash  
And glitter in the sun;  
Yet may I ride with lance untried  
Adown the barriere—  
Small care to me, while all shall see,  
My lady's glove I wear.

Not in the strength of sword and axe  
Or smooth cuirass trust I,  
Nor fame for deeds of high emprise  
That flashes quickly by,  
But all for this, because her kiss  
Hath rested on my brow  
When swift as flame, mine answer came,  
"I do your bidding now."



On burning sands in stranger lands,  
Where flames the tropic sun,  
I hear her name, I bear her fame,  
That is all fame beyond;  
In the death-white North I trace my course  
By the bones of those that sleep,  
Where the ghastly lights of the long, long nights  
Flash up from the troubled deep.

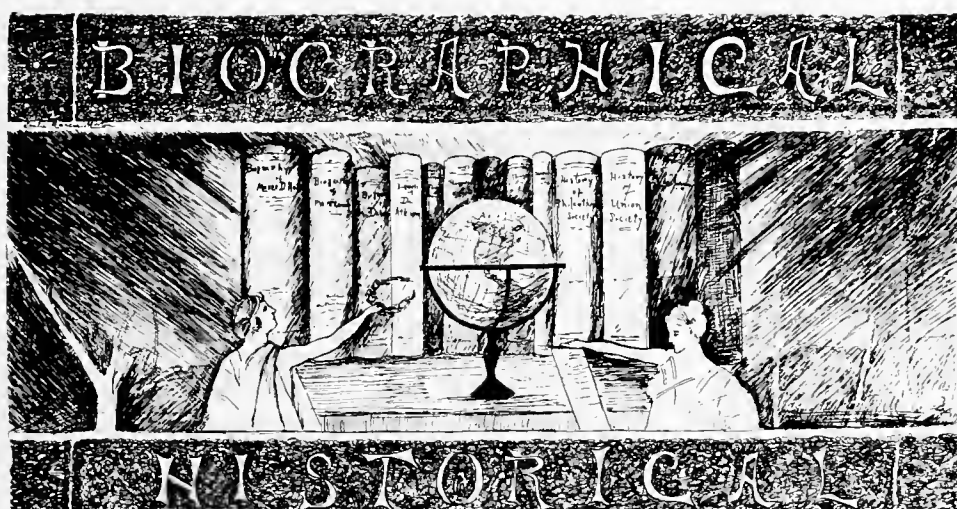
Far on to the utmost bounds of earth  
 With heart unshook, I stray,  
 Where the flame leaps forth from the riven rock,  
 And shrivels the man of clay;  
 And the blind, white Things come up from the sea,  
 And the sea moans round the shore,  
 But still I ride, for a Voice hath cried,  
 "Thou shalt ride forevermore."



With clank of sword and clink of spur  
 And trumpet's wild alarm,  
 My Lady's glove, bound high above,  
 Beyond all fear of harm,  
 Once more I ride, with lance untried  
 Adown the barriere,  
 Small care to me, while all shall see  
 My Lady's glove I wear.







## A Short History of the Kaleidoscope.

**L**AST Commencement when I looked into the seventh KALEIDOSCOPE, fresh from the presses, I felt that that artistic book owed much of its excellence to the others that came before. It owed a debt to the past. It was the outgrowth or evolution of its predecessors. It was the product of forces and tendencies which had been operating in the foregoing annuals and which had brought grace and beauty and strength to the present volume. It began life before appearing in cold, black print to be eagerly scanned by the college boy and afterwards taken home and shown with pride to his sweetheart—a happy fate that overtakes most annuals.

The first KALEIDOSCOPE appeared at the Commencement of 1893, or thereabouts. Its life has been continuous, a new volume having been published every year. Seven volumes have appeared, and we can now review the work as a whole and discover what forces have been at work and what tendencies have been influential in producing these books.

The first two volumes were small, unpretentious books of about one hundred pages, and did not compare well with their contemporaries from the other colleges. In them we see the dominant influence of that principle which is always present in the beginnings of human life and effort—imitation. Here is little originality, the slightest deal of independence in thought and method. At this time the leading colleges were sending forth year-books or "annuals," which contained the college classes, clubs, and various organizations, often historical and biographical matter; and Hampden-Sidney decided to try its hand on an annual. It must, of course, be modeled after the annuals from other schools. We must make our book as much like theirs as possible. With this *modus operandi*, the editors set to work. They were inexperienced; editing annuals was entirely new to them, and at that time printing annuals was new work to Southern printers. As has been said, the work was imitative, too cautious, dependent, and timorous. The spirit of independence and originality of method does not assert itself. Yet the friend and alumnus of Hampden-Sidney finds in them much that is instructive, interesting, and amusing. Here we have some choice historical matter; the clubs—both real and fictitious, a few poems here and there, for it will be some time before poetry gains the prominent place it deserves in THE KALEIDOSCOPE; a fairly good portrayal of college existence—you catch the spirit as you scan from page to page. Mr. Dandridge Spottswood, of the Class of 1893, has the honor of being the first editor-in-chief. And to his unflagging zeal the success of the first and also of several succeeding volumes is largely due, in recognition of which the fourth volume was dedicated to him, as "maker of the first KALEIDOSCOPE and loyal helper of its successors."

The appearance of the third volume marks an epoch in the history of THE KALEIDOSCOPE. It was something new. It was free. Free from the old forms and customs and that timorous, imitative spirit that had dominated its predecessors. It compared favorably with year-books from the best schools in the country—and still does. The College saw what it could do and became conscious of its power. And this new confidence has shown itself as an inspiration in all the succeeding KALEIDOSCOPES. The book is full of the spirit of originality that trusts not to precedent or custom. It contains well-arranged and interesting historical matter, a pleasing amount of excellent fiction, glowing with college spirit and sounding forth the undertones of college existence. Poetry, however, is still kept in the background. Mr. J. L. Stuart, '96, and Mr. Alfred J. Morrison, '95, were the editors of this volume, and the latter has contributed some of the best fiction to other KALEIDOSCOPES.

Volume sixth, while slight and modest in size, contained some well-written college fiction, and here for the first time poetry begins to take that prominent place which it now occupies in THE KALEIDOSCOPE. Nothing portrays our lives as college boys so well as poetry, and for this reason it merits a high place in college annuals. This was recognized by the editors of THE KALEIDOSCOPE of 1897. Here is all the verse we could wish for, and much that is excellent. This is the distinctive feature of the book. Here we have also a greater development of the historical and biographical tendencies of THE KALEIDOSCOPE. It is now seen that THE KALEIDOSCOPE should be made of more permanent and enduring value from a historical point of view. It should contain something of permanent worth and interest; it should not be too temporary in its interest and allusions.

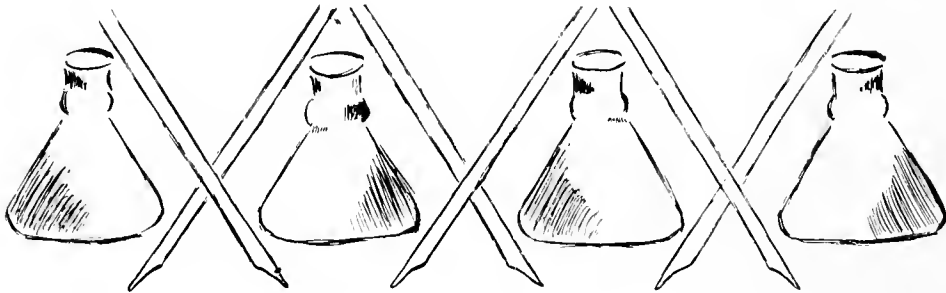
The influence of this new tendency is clearly seen in the two volumes that follow. The class histories are cut down to one page, less space is given to fraternities, clubs, and different organizations, and more pages are devoted to historical and biographical matter of perennial interest. Poetry has at last gained the prominent place it deserves.

THE KALEIDOSCOPES are something that the College can take pride in. They are of great value as histories of the College during the period they cover, and the future historian of Hampden-Sidney will find in them rich fields of valuable material. The best poetry that has appeared in the *Magazine* is here preserved. From the first there has been a strong development of the historical and biographical elements, while the appreciation of the exceeding propriety of poetry for THE KALEIDOSCOPE has been slow. The elements of college fiction and romance have not received due attention, much to the injury of the books, we think.

It seems to me that Hampden-Sidney is an ideal school for an ideal annual—a small college with an inspiring and historic past. The legends, traditions, and true stories that are told of the place should furnish themes for the collegian to

weave into verse or prose. The noble history of the College, at times thrilling as a romance, should be inspiration enough for the youthful historian. The great minds that have lived and wrought there should furnish subjects for interesting and instructive biographies. The natural scenery—the woods and streams—and the memories associated with them and the stories others have told of them should give the outline for many an interesting romance. All these could find expression and preservation in *THE KALEIDOSCOPE*, and give a delicate flavor and local color to the book.

I have looked over many annuals from large colleges and universities, and the great majority of them are only summaries of statistics, a long array of lifeless facts and figures. And one year-book differs from another only in the names of the members of the clubs, etc. The annual from the smaller college can give more space to fiction, poetry, histories, and biographies. These characteristics stamp the book, lend to it local coloring, and permit some shadowing forth of the delicate tints of college existence and spirit. As we look over the old *KALEIDOSCOPES*, we feel a warmth and glow, an eagerness to shout as of old the college yell. Here is something contagious, something personal, something individual. The living spirit behind the facts, the beating heart within the body.



## Some Distinctive Features of Hampden-Sidney College.

By George H. Denny, Ph. D.

THE rapid growth of the great modern university with its immense endowment has introduced a new problem into the American scheme of education. That such universities must exist and ought to exist no one can deny; that they are to be viewed as necessities in this age of specialization is equally evident. There are, however, some dangers connected with the evolution of the plans and purposes of those who are shaping the policy of such institutions. In the first place, there is an evident tendency on the part of these universities to combine strictly college (*i. e.*, undergraduate) work with university (*i. e.*, post-graduate) training, and thus by the strength of financial endowment and great external display to supersede the time-honored under-graduate institutions, which have been the pride and center of our educational system. In the second place, there is a still stronger influence proceeding from these great modern universities seeking to infuse into the under-graduate colleges the university spirit and ideals.

Hampden-Sidney College is to be congratulated that it has entirely resisted these pernicious tendencies, or rather influences.

The aim of the under-graduate student is entirely different from that of the post-graduate, or professional, student; the former is seeking to secure breadth of view and the acquisition of knowledge along a variety of lines; the latter is engaged in specialization along a very limited number of lines. These two aims can not exist satisfactorily side by side in the same institution; and hence the distinctively under-graduate college must and will continue to assert its claim as a distinct and essential unit in our educational scheme, unless we are prepared to destroy the very back-bone of the entire system. It is quite as rational to undertake to dispense with the academy as preparatory to the college as it is to seek to destroy or impair the influence of the under-graduate college.

The friends and alumni of Hampden-Sidney feel grateful for its strong and righteous stand against many of the modern innovations suggested by the so-called "scientific spirit."

It is not to be understood, however, that Hampden-Sidney has not been wisely progressive; for it has kept well abreast the progress of the age. But the point we desire to emphasize is that it has also been conservative and wisely maintained its high position as distinctively an under-graduate college, the champion of liberal culture, and a solid general education.

Among the distinctive features of Hampden-Sidney College the following are, in my judgment, the most prominent and important :

I. Its tenacious clinging to a well attested curriculum course. This does not mean that the student may not make a limited and judicious election of certain studies at certain stages of his college career ; but it does mean that Hampden-Sidney will not subordinate its own judgment of what a liberal education is or ought to be, to the passing fancy of the untrained student, who may or may not, know what is the best course for him to pursue. Thus, the college has put itself squarely on record as an advocate of culture and liberal training as the basis of all really successful post-graduate and professional work ; it insists upon rigid scholarship, and, especially, upon a solid basis for all scholarship ; it resists superficiality and all artificial, " top-heavy " systems, which parade themselves under the captious titles invented by modern society. I attribute the very unusually high rank attained by the graduates of Hampden-Sidney in the various professions to the wise and dignified position of the College in dealing with this matter.

II. Another distinctive feature that deserves a prominent place in this review is the unusually high standard of scholarship maintained by the College. This has won for Hampden-Sidney the respect not only of its alumni, but also, in a large measure, of the intelligent masses throughout the South and East, and indeed, this entire country. After an experience of four years as student, and three years of service as professor, in the College, I can bear testimony to the fact that a feeling of genuine respect and enthusiasm for Hampden-Sidney can be resisted by no one, who, day after day, witnesses the honest, thorough, conscientious, conduct of every department of the School, and the matter-of-course genuineness that pervades its work and shapes its policies.

III. A third distinctive feature of the College to which attention has often been called, and upon which too much emphasis can not be laid, is the existence of its unexcelled literary societies. A distinguished educator remarked to me the other day that in his honest opinion " they are the best in the South." He might have added, I think, that they are unsurpassed in this country. The training of these societies furnishes one of the most important and essential elements in the equipment of the graduates of Hampden-Sidney.

IV. A fourth element in the strength of the College and the distinctive feature consists in the unusually high social and moral character of its student-body. The *esprit de corps* among the students is exceptionally fine, and their gentlemanly conduct, as a body, unsurpassed in my experience. Is it not a high tribute to the institution that it attracts young men of such high tastes and aspirations?

Again, is it not quite as high a tribute that the College engages and maintains their respect and attachment? In these particulars we heartily suggest this motto for the future : " *I'estigia nulla retrorsum.*"



V. The most potent, and, perhaps, the most important influence, however, at work on "College Hill " is the indefinable spirit that pervades everything, a spirit that is contagious and unmistakable. Hampden-Sidney has illustrated to the world the fact that it is not bricks and mortar, not titles or robes that make an institution, but men,—men of high aims and genuine culture. Nor has this spirit been less pleasing than helpful to the young men who imbibe it. The memories of my college days at Hampden-Sidney are among the very happiest of my life ; and every day I learn with fuller pleasure the significance of those words, written over the entrance to the Second Passage, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

VI. Finally, Hampden-Sidney has always stood, and still stands, for Christian education, a mingling of piety with learning. This result has come most largely from the character of the men who have served at its head. What a noble line of presidents the College has had ! May one who loves him be permitted to say that he who now stands at the helm is second to none in the possession of those high qualities of head and heart that have rendered his predecessors illustrious ?

Hampden-Sidney has a past that is filled with traditions so sacred and inspiring that its future can not be otherwise than great and honorable.

## Mr. "V."

By Rev. T. W. Hooper, D. D.

THIS is not his whole name, but the abbreviated form, and was applied by his wife, who was a cousin with the same name, and who intended to avoid the Yankee custom of a wife calling her husband "George," or "William," or "Sam." And thus it came about that everybody called him Mr. V., and he responded as naturally as if it had exhausted the whole alphabet. When I first knew him, it had been long enough since he was a Freshman for his eldest son to be a member of that verdant class, to which I also was added in 1850; and strung along from this eldest son, there was the patriarchal number of children, about equally divided, male and female.

Ah, me! nearly half a century gone since those Freshman days, and how quickly the mind, like a huge flash-light, sends its rays along the intervening years! And how the boys and girls, who made things lively in those bright days of new life to the college, have been scattered far and wide! and how many, alas! are gone!

Rev. L. W. Green, D. D., had just entered upon his brilliant career as president, and the newly introduced scholarship system had brought new students from far and near. The region round about was in a high state of cultivation under the old slave system, where master and servant were on the best of terms. The crops of tobacco got most of the fertilizers, and the old hard knobs were left to wash in gullies from year to year; but peace and plenty reigned supreme, and old-time hospitality made an earthly paradise.

Mr. V. had a farm near Farmville, but so many olive plants adorned his dwelling, that for the sake of economy, he moved his family to the Hill, where Mrs. V. lived in the house now occupied by Professor Thornton. The boys were entered in College with William as my classmate; the younger ones being "Preps," then taught by a tutor in the "Steward's Hall." And as the years glided by, the older boys, one by one, entered college, and later on, the girls fell into my hands, as a kind of private tutor.

After the fashion of those days, Mr. V. came home only on Saturday night, "nigger like," to his "wife's house." The rest of the week he spent at the old home on the farm, keeping bachelor's hall, and surrounded by hospitable neighbors, most of them relations. Here he exercised a general oversight of the farm while the crops were growing, but when these were gathered and housed, he moved his quarters to his "wife's house," and kept the table supplied with wild turkeys. The only wild turkey I ever killed was while I was sitting in a blind with him yelping; and it was so sudden, that he yelled at me for firing my gun, as he thought, by accident. The turkey came up my side, and I killed it so quickly, that I am not sure he ever invited me to take another hunt.

But he enjoyed the society of the professors, both of the College and Seminary; and among the students of the latter was an Irishman, who was a perpetual source of amusement to him. He loved to hear his rich Irish brogue, and used to get him to read Hebrew to him, and insisted that Hebrew with the Irish brogue to it, was the richest language ever spoken.

One day William and I walked over to the farm, and from some cause, we did not eat lunch and grapes enough to satisfy us. That night William ate eighteen biscuits for supper. He wore large boots, *which fitted him*, and one of the boys said "if Billy V. got one square meal, and a pair of boots out of a beef, there would not be much left."

Poor Will! He moved to Texas, enlisted in the army, was captured at Arkansas Post, and died from starvation at Camp Chase. By request of his broken-hearted mother, I wrote an obituary of him during the war.

In my seminary course, I began in New York, but was tolled away, by various unconscious and coöperating causes. Among these, I was invited to live a few miles in the country, to teach a young girl Latin, and a horse was furnished for me to ride over to recitations. But one of those unforeseen circumstances that will change the current of our lives, led to my return to the Hill. Mrs. V. concocted a scheme for me to hear her oldest daughter recite Latin. When she went off to the boarding-school, Mrs. V. had me hear the younger girls recite after dinner. Then, when these required the services of a governess, I asked her in triumph, "Now, will I not be allowed to pay board?" With the gentleness of a mother, and the firmness of a Roman matron, she said, "I have told you over and over again, you should never pay me a cent of board. You ask a blessing at the table, and you help to keep the boys straight, and you shall never pay me a cent." That ended it as far as she was concerned; but I never see one of those children, or hear of them, that I do not recall the kindness of that dear, generous woman.

One married a native missionary of Brazil. Another married a judge in Florida. But strange to say, when I was pastor in Selma, a Mr. S. D. Holt moved there, and became an elder in my church, and one of these little pupils of mine was his wife. But for years I could not get her fixed in my memory, until some one said, "Catty is one of your flock, now." Then as the unknown "Kate" vanished, I recognized my little "Catty," and went back to the old parlor recitation-room at Mr. V's.

Ah, me! When I float back in memory to those golden college days, how young I feel, and how the boys and girls come fairy-like, to welcome me from that dim mist of the days that are gone!

But I have seen "Catty's" grandchildren, and she knows mine, and when I meet one of the old residents of the Hill who sprang from that family, I am back again, sitting on the grassy yard, cracking jokes with Mr. V., or listening to him and Professor Holladay spinning yarns, or busily engaged in fixing their accoutrements for a turkey hunt.

## William H. Cabell.

By James Alston Cabell.

**W**ILLIAM H. CABELL was a descendant of an English family of undoubted antiquity, as is attested by the records of the British Museum, visitations of the counties of Devon, Wilts, and Somerset, and the tombs in the Cabell sepulchre in Buckfastleigh, one of the old seats of the family in Devon. At a very early period of our history, his grandfather, Dr. William Cabell, an officer in the British Navy, came to Virginia, and "located the lowlands for twenty miles or more," in the present counties of Amherst, Appomattox, Buckingham, and Nelson, "when no other man would attempt it." During the Colonial and Revolutionary epochs of our history, the members of his family bore a conspicuous and honorable part in all public affairs, and in war as well as in peace, rendered their country useful and distinguished services.

Governor Cabell was the oldest son of Colonel Nicholas and Hannah (Carrington) Cabell. He was born December 16th, 1772, at "Boston Hill," in Cumberland County, Virginia, the residence of his maternal grandfather, Colonel George Carrington, where much of his early life was passed. Colonel Carrington had been a conspicuous Revolutionary patriot, and all of his family rendered valuable services in the contest with England. Four of his sons, two of his sons-in-law, and three of his grandsons had served with distinction as officers in the Revolution. His residence was a favorite resort of the eminent men of the period, both before and after the war. The rare advantages he enjoyed from the acquaintance of these distinguished men, and the influence they exercised over him had much to do with shaping the career and character of Governor Cabell.

After being prepared by private tutors, he entered Hampden-Sidney College in February, 1785, where he continued until September, 1789. His uncle, Colonel William Cabell, of Union Hill, was one of its founders. In 1783, he was appointed by the General Assembly one of the trustees of Hampden-Sidney College, having been a trustee of Hampden-Sidney Academy since November 8th, 1775. Among Governor Cabell's classmates were, Kemp Plummer, of North Carolina, who became a distinguished lawyer and was the grandfather of Professor Kemp Plummer Battle, of the University of North Carolina; Hon. John W. Eppes, who defeated John Randolph for Congress; Rev. James Blythe, D. D., who was professor in Transylvania University, Kentucky, and president of the Hanover College, Indiana; Rev. Nash Le Grand, and Rev. Clement Read of Charlotte County; Hon. James Jones, Member of Congress from Nottoway; Rev. Moses Waddell, the teacher of Calhoun, and the founder of the University of Georgia;



WM. H. CABELL.

Governor of Virginia (1805-1808).

Judge Supreme Court of Appeals (1811-1851).

(From an original St. Memin plate).



Hon. George Bibb, who became Governor of Kentucky, and Dr. George Cabell, a distinguished physician of Lynchburg. Rev. John Blair Smith was president of the College during Governor Cabell's connection with it.

In February, 1790, he entered William and Mary College, from which he graduated in 1793. After a year spent in Richmond, completing his preparation for the bar, he commenced the practice of law in July, 1794. He very soon took a high stand at the bar, and gave evidence of rare talents and ability. His early associations gave him a taste for politics, and in the spring of 1796, he was elected to the General Assembly from Amherst County. He was also in the famous Assembly of 1798, and actively supported the celebrated resolutions of that session, protesting against the action of Congress, in passing the "Alien and Sedition Acts." Shortly after the death of his first wife, who was a daughter of Colonel William Cabell of Union Hill, he went to Charleston, S. C., but he returned in the spring of 1802, and was elected a member of the Virginia Assembly for that year. He was also a member for 1803 and 1804. Although a young man he took an important and leading part in the deliberations of the Assembly, which means a great deal when it is remembered he served with such veteran statesmen as Patrick Henry, James Madison, Joseph Jones, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Tazewell, William Grayson, John Taylor, John Breckinridge, and Wilson Cary Nicholas. During a part of this time his father, Colonel Nicholas Cabell, represented the same county in the Senate. In April, 1805, he was again elected to the Assembly, and attended as a member, but within a few days after the commencement of the session, he was elected Governor of Virginia, being the youngest man who ever occupied that position. His administration, which was in many respects most trying, won the praise of all parties. It was generally admitted that no executive ever represented the majesty of the state with more propriety, dignity, and grace. On March 11th, 1805, he married Miss Gamble, daughter of Colonel Robert Gamble, a distinguished Revolutionary officer, who resided at Gamble's Hill, Richmond, Virginia, and after whom the hill and park are named. Two memorable events occurred in Virginia during Governor Cabell's administration. One of these was the trial of Aaron Burr, late Vice-president of the United States, for treason in an alleged design to form an empire in the western part of America. This trial took place at Richmond in the spring and summer of 1807, before Chief Justice Marshall. The other important event was the firing on the United States frigate, Chesapeake, by the British sloop of war, Leopard, on June 22d, 1807, and the blockading of Hampton Roads, on July 3d, by the British squadron under Commodore Douglas. Nothing but the prompt and vigorous measures taken by Mr. Jefferson restrained the country from an immediate declaration of war. Virginia was the scene of the most intense excitement. Governor Cabell's message of December 8th, 1807, to the Assembly, reviews the acts of the British, and breathes war, or retraction and reparation. His executive correspondence shows with

what promptitude he put the Virginia troops in the field. Some idea of the excitement may be formed from the following description :

" Richmond became a theatre of great agitation. Those martial fires which slumber in the breast of every community, and which are so quickly kindled into flame by the breeze of stirring public events, blazed with special ardor amongst the youthful and venturous spirits of Virginia. Over the whole state, as indeed over the whole country, that combative principle which lies at the heart of all chivalry began to develop itself in every form in which national sensibility is generally exhibited. The people held meetings, passed fiery resolutions, ate indignant dinners, drank belligerent toasts, and uttered threatening sentiments. Old armories were ransacked, old weapons of war were burnished anew, military companies were formed, regimentals were discussed, the drum and fife and martial bands of music woke the morning and evening echoes of town and country; the whole land was filled with the din, the clamor, the glitter, the array of serried hosts, which sprang up out of a peaceful nation like plants of the night."

During this trying period Governor Cabell displayed great ability, and rendered the country valuable services by his courage and judgment. He was in constant communication with Mr. Jefferson, who valued him as a friend and adviser. He had been an elector at the first election of Mr. Jefferson, and filled the same office again at his second election. In 1818, the General Assembly appointed him on the Board of Commissioners, along with Jefferson, Madison, Philip C. Pendleton and others, to fix upon a location for the University of Virginia.

Immediately after his term of office as Governor had expired, he was elected by the Legislature a judge of the General Court, which office he held until April, 1811, when he was elected a judge of the Court of Appeals, being appointed, March 21st, 1811, by Governor James Monroe and the Privy Council, and qualifying April 3d, 1811.

He was elected also by the Legislature, December 7th, 1811, and then commissioned by Governor George William Smith. After the adoption of the new constitution of Virginia (1830), he was again re-elected a judge of the Court of Appeals, and commissioned by Governor John Floyd. On the eighteenth of January, 1842, he was elected president of the court, which position he filled until 1851, when he retired from the bench. He died at Richmond, January 12th, 1853, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was interred in Shockoe Hill Cemetery. At a called meeting of the Court of Appeals and Bar of Virginia, held in Richmond, January 14th, glowing resolutions in testimony of the singular purity of character and excellencies of Judge Cabell were passed, which were published in the *American Times* of January 19th, 1853. Thence the following is extracted :

" *Resolved*, That we cherish, and shall ever retain, a grateful remembrance of the signal excellence of the Hon. William H. Cabell, as well in his private as



in his public life. There was no bounds to the esteem which he deserved and enjoyed. Of conspicuous ability, learning, and diligence, there combined therewith a simplicity, uprightness, and courtesy which left nothing to be supplied to inspire and confirm confidence and respect. It was natural to love and honor him; and both loved and honored was he by all who had an opportunity of observing his unwearied benignity or his conduct as a judge. In that capacity wherein he labored for forty years in our Supreme Court of Appeals, having previously served the State as Governor and as Circuit Judge, such was his uniform gentleness, application, and ability; so impartial, patient, and just was he; of such remarkable clearness of perception and perspicuity, precision and force in stating convictions, that he was regarded with warmer feelings than those of merely official reverence. To him is due much of the credit which may be claimed for our judicial system and its literature. It was an occasion of profound regret, when his infirmities of age about two years since required him to retire from the bench; and again are we reminded by his death of the irreparable loss sustained by the public and by the profession."

Nearly thirty years after the death of Judge Cabell, March 23d, 1881, on the occasion of his portrait being placed in the Court of Appeals room at Richmond, the judges caused to be entered in the records of the court an order bearing testimony to his great usefulness and ability, from which the following is taken:

"We all recognize Judge Cabell as one of the ablest and most distinguished judges that ever sat upon the bench of this court. He was a member of this court for more than forty years. During this time he served his state with a conscientious discharge of duty which he brought to his great office. We, his successors to-day, often take counsel of his great opinions, and those who come after us will do the same. Though dead for more than a quarter of a century, he yet speaketh to us, and will continue to speak, when we shall pass away, to those that come after us, so long as the jurisprudence of this State shall be governed by the great principles of law and by a fearless determination on the part of her judiciary to declare and uphold that which is just and right."

Judge Cabell's opinions were never characterized by a strict adherence to the rigid rules of the common law, but to the more liberal principles of the equity courts. No man ever sat on the Supreme Bench of Virginia who had less pride of opinion than he. A notable instance of this is found in the famous case of *Davis vs. Turner* (4 Gratt., 422). Until the decision of that case, the courts of Virginia had followed *Edwards vs. Harben* (2 T. R., 587), decided by the Court of King's Bench in 1788, which had established what is known as "the doctrine of fraud *per se*." This doctrine was assailed by Judge Baldwin, in a very able opinion in *Davis vs. Turner*. Judge Cabell, after an exhaustive discussion, said, with great candor, that he had changed his opinion, but not without a struggle; yet he would never permit the pride of self-consistency to stand in

the path of duty ; and he cheerfully changed the opinion which he had theretofore entertained, which would restore the law to the solid foundation of good sense and sound morals. The principles decided in *Davis vs. Turner* are the law of Virginia at this day. The case was decided at the January term, 1848. The General Assembly, which was in session at the time of Judge Cabell's death, adjourned "as an act of respect for his public services."

On January 2d, 1809, the County of "Kenawha" was divided and a new county formed therefrom, which was named "Cabell" in honor of Governor William H. Cabell.

There were many complimentary notices of him by the newspapers of the day. That in the *Richmond Whig* (January 15th, 1853) concludes as follows :

"Judge Cabell was connected with the public service of the State for more than fifty years—filling various important offices, and discharging the duties of all of them with zeal, fidelity, and ability. At an early age, he was a member of the Legislature,—and we think, before he was thirty, he was elected Governor of the Commonwealth—being the youngest man who has occupied that position. At the expiration of his gubernatorial term, he was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, which office he held until last year. Some fifteen years ago, he was made president of that Court by his associates. The eminent ability with which he performed his judicial functions, won for him the appellation of the "Mansfield of Virginia," the admiration of the Bar, and the universal esteem and confidence of the people of the State. A purer and better man in all the relations of life never lived in the State—and a fairer specimen of the perfect gentleman could not be found anywhere."

His domestic life was a beautiful one. On his death-bed he called all of his children around him, and said to them, "My children, ever love and honor your dear mother. She richly deserves your tenderest affections. She and I have been married nearly fifty years, and every day has been a wedding day."

In an eminent degree Governor Cabell united to intellectual qualities of a high order, a pure moral character, great domestic virtues, and a deep sense of religion. As legislator, governor, and judge he served his State for fifty-six years.

His acts as a member of the House of Delegates are preserved in the journals of that body, 1796-1805; his messages and executive papers, as governor, in the legislative journals and executive correspondence of 1805-1808; his opinions, etc., as a judge, in the respective Court reports of 1808-1811, and 1811-1851.

The engraving of Governor Cabell, which accompanies this sketch, is from an original plate made during the last year he was governor, by the famous French artist, St. Memin, who was visiting this country at that time.



## Rev. James Blythe, D. D.

By E. Forman.

THE subject of this sketch was born in North Carolina in 1765 and graduated at Hampden-Sidney College in 1788. At the time of his matriculation, there was not another student in the College who was a professor of religion besides himself, and even he, yielding to the popular current, was at no special pains to divulge his position unnecessarily. On his arrival, he was recommended to Cary H. Allen, a fellow student, as one of the steadiest youths in College. This person sallied forth with a party to attend a Methodist meeting in the neighborhood, promising themselves rare sport. But, strange to relate, among the first who were seized with pungent conviction of sin was this wild, witty, dashing Cary Allen. Making known his change, Blythe caught the infection. No longer hesitating to own his religious character, he naturally became the center of the little group of earnest spirits. From that time, the seriousness spread until out of eighty students, nearly half that number, were touched with compunction for their sins.

The president of the College—John Blair Smith—took a lively interest in promoting the revival. Two hundred and twenty-five persons, chiefly young people, were added to the churches he served. The revival extended over Prince Edward, Cumberland, Charlotte and Bedford counties to the Peaks of Otter.

Dr. Blythe was licensed by the Presbytery of Orange, in North Carolina, to preach the gospel. In 1791, he visited Kentucky and preached at Paint Lick and other places. In July, 1793, he was ordained and installed pastor of Pisgah and Clear Creek churches. He ministered to the Pisgah Church for more than forty years. The following incident reached me many years ago. He was in the habit of riding to Pisgah Church, eight miles from Lexington, on horseback. It was said that he never failed to meet his appointment but once, and then he was thrown from his horse and had his leg broken.

Dr. Blythe accompanied Rev. David Rice to the Eastern cities to secure funds for Transylvania Seminary. They obtained upwards of ten thousand dollars, of which amount President Washington and Vice-president Adams each

contributed one hundred dollars and Aaron Burr gave fifty dollars. Dr. Blythe was received with the greatest courtesy by the President, who spent much time in making inquiries as to the state of literature in Kentucky.

When the Kentucky Academy in 1798 was merged into the University of Transylvania, Dr. Blythe was appointed professor of mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, and geology, and on the resignation, subsequently, of Mr. Moore, fulfilled for twelve or fifteen years the duties of acting president. When Dr. Holly was elected president in 1818, Dr. Blythe was transferred to the chair of chemistry. Meantime he was associated for some years as colleague with Mr. Welch in charge of the Lexington Church.

Dr. Blythe was opposed to the war of 1812, in which he lost a son, who was not killed in battle, but was murdered by a treacherous Indian. In consequence of his political opinions he became involved in an unpleasant altercation with William L. McCalla, then a licensed preacher, afterwards pastor in Augusta, Kentucky, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and was arraigned by West Lexington Presbytery. The case was transferred to the Synod of Kentucky, by which body he was honorably acquitted.

Ranke, in his History of Lexington, says: "The first president of Transylvania University, Rev. James Moore, was succeeded in 1808 by Dr. James Blythe. Rev. James Blythe, M. D., was born in North Carolina in 1765, and was educated at Hampden-Sidney College for the Presbyterian pulpit. He came to Kentucky in 1791, and two years after was ordained pastor of Pisgah and Clear Creek churches. He continued to preach up to the time of his death. For six years before his accession to the presidency of the University, he was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and often supplied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church. He was president for nearly fifteen years and after his resignation filled the chair of chemistry in the medical college until 1831, when he accepted the presidency of Hanover College, Indiana, which prospered greatly under his charge. He was a faithful and animated preacher and fine debater."

In 1825, Dr. Blythe was a member of the board of the Western Theological Seminary convened in Chillicothe, and was chosen president of the board. He was appointed to preach the sermon at the opening of the next meeting. A number of his sermons are in print and indicate his admirable pulpit style.

Dr. Blythe was active in opposition to the administration of Horace Holly as president of the University of Transylvania. Holly proved to be a Unitarian and was otherwise unsuited to the office he held, and was compelled to resign.

Dr. Blythe opened the meeting of the board of the Western Theological Seminary with a sermon at Wheeling, Virginia, in April, 1826, and made an address before the American Tract Society in New York in May of the same year. In November, 1831, he attended the convention of delegates from the presbyteries which met in Cincinnati at the suggestion of the General Assembly on the subject of domestic missions and was chosen moderator. In 1834, his

name was found signed to the memorable "Act and Testimony," and in 1835, he was one of the standing committee of the convention called at Pittsburg by these signers and preached before the convention on the first day of its session. In 1837, he was again found on the alert, watching over the purity of the church and attending the convention of ministers and elders which met in Philadelphia on May 11th, to deliberate on some plan of reform, and of that body he was elected temporary chairman.

As already stated, Dr. Blythe was elected president of Hanover College. Under his administration, the institution rose to a high degree of prosperity, numbering upwards of two hundred students. This position he held with distinguished ability for several years. His last public service was his embarking with great enthusiasm upon a scheme for pervading the whole country more effectually with the gospel by inducing each minister to devote a certain portion of time each year to the supply of destitute places, which was sanctioned by the Synods of Kentucky and Indiana, and the General Assembly. He died in 1842, aged seventy-seven years. He had the satisfaction of seeing all his children embraced in the church, and several sons and sons-in-law in the ministry.



## Rev. William Hill, D. D.

WILLIAM HILL was born March 3d, 1769, in Cumberland County, Virginia, of English parentage. His father died when the boy was in his fifth year, and his mother, who after a time married Mr. Daniel Allen, died before he reached his twelfth year. He was left an orphan, in the home of his step-father, who extended to him the same parental care and affection which his own children received. Mr. Hill and Cary Allen, the son of this step-father, were educated by Drury Lacy, who was tutor in Mr. Allen's family, and were thoroughly drilled in English and in Latin. Tutor and pupils became, later on, ministers of the Gospel, and were co-laborers in a rugged but productive field.

Mr. Hill's uncle, his father's brother, was his guardian, and had legal control of his person and property. It was the desire and purpose of this uncle that his promising nephew should become an ornament of the Virginia bar, and to that end he was placed at Hampden-Sidney College to receive that thorough academic training, which is the only sure foundation for a professional education. But, during their residence in College both Hill and Cary Allen came under the influence of that great revival of religion that swept over that region of country, and, in due time were received into the Presbyterian Church, on profession of their faith. The guardian-uncle, in resentment of this disarrangement of his plans, withdrew the allowance on which Hill was dependant for maintenance in College, and the youth was compelled to seek shelter of Major Edmund Read, who received, and kept him as a member of his household from April 1st, 1789, to July 9th, 1790. During this period he continued his regular course of studies, obtained from the trustees of the College permission to stand the examinations with his class, for the degree of A. B., and was graduated in 1789.

Having fixed upon the gospel ministry, as his calling in life, he placed himself under the care and direction of the Rev. John B. Smith, of Prince Edward County, and pursued his theological studies until July 10th, 1790, when, after the usual thorough and rigid examinations and trial, he was licensed by the Lexington Presbytery to preach the gospel, and was directed to spend the months of August and September in making a missionary tour through the counties of Halifax, Henry, Franklin and Pittsylvania. His diary, kept by him throughout this tour, is yet extant, and is full of interest and profitable instruction.

On September 24th, 1790, the commission of the Synod selected Mr. Hill as a missionary to labor throughout the counties east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and, after attending the meeting of Synod in Winchester, on September 30th, he proceeded to the counties of Lancaster and Northumberland, where he preached for several months, until January 11th, 1791, and thence, until the fall

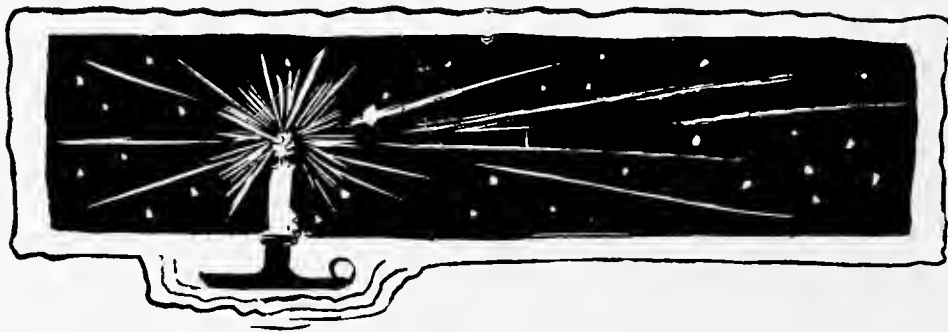
of that year, he, in company with Matthew Lyle made a missionary tour through certain counties west of the Blue Ridge, reaching Winchester on September 28th, to meet the Synod, which met there again that year. During this visit, Mr. Hill preached in the counties of Jefferson, Berkeley, and Frederick, and in the spring of 1792 he received a call to the churches in Charlestown, in Jefferson County. This call he accepted, and was duly installed as pastor on May 30th, 1792. He remained in charge of these churches until January, 1800, when he accepted a unanimous call to the recently established Presbyterian Church in Winchester, and this ancient town now became, with the exception of a few intervals, his abiding place for more than half a century. Here was the theatre of his memorable labors. This was the scene of his triumphs and defeats. One who knew and revered him has said: "In the passage of these years he experienced the full variety of ministerial life—its excitements, its reverses, its successes, its sorrows and its joys. In Winchester was a field, unchosen, selected for him, appropriate for his energy, enterprise, zeal and pulpit powers. He could not have desired a better. Here, too, was a crucible to refine the imperfections he so bitterly lamented; he must master his fiery spirit or be an unhappy man. He knew that "he that ruleth himself, is greater than he that taketh a city," and that if he would govern a city, must first govern himself. There were families in his charge that would love him for his occasional propensity to merriment and social humor; and there were others that would delight in the extreme of his passionate excitements about religion, for they loved to revel on the confines of enthusiasm. All appreciated his pulpit performances. His sermons came warm from his heart and warmed every one that heard. His congregation were all united in admiring him, some for his real excellencies, and some for the very things over which he in private mourned.

In the fall of 1792, Mr. Hill was married to Miss Nancy Morton, daughter of Colonel William Morton, of Charlotte County, and took her to his, then, new home in the beautiful county of Jefferson. Of this marriage, were born two daughters. One married Thomas Allen Tidball, for more than fifty years the honored clerk of the County Court of Frederick County. The other, a lovely and highly accomplished girl, Elizabeth M. Hill, died September 17th, 1818, in her twenty-third year.

From the time of her death the current of the father's life appears to have become disturbed and tumultuous. The spirit which in assemblies had been potent to calm the boisterous waves of unseemly debate, to bring order from chaos, and to remove with tactful touch the offending roots of bitterness, seems to have lost its power. Clouds and darkness gathered about him, and remained with him till his death. In the spring of 1819, while in attendance on the General Assembly, he formed the purpose of requiring from his congregation a renewal of their vows of consecration, and, on his return home he prepared and submitted to them a paper, by which a general and public renewal of their cove-

nant should be made by individual signature. A division of sentiment was at once evinced in the congregation, which threatened a division of the organization. Ill health came upon Dr. Hill, by which the characteristics of his temperament were accentuated. Differences occurred between his elders, many of the members, and himself. These, in various forms, became the subject of consideration and action by Presbytery and by Synod.

In the fall of 1826, the Synod granted a request to constitute a new church in Winchester, and this action was taken despite the strenuous opposition of Dr. Hill. The new church was organized, and it called as its pastor the Rev. David H. Riddle, who was ordained and installed in Kent Street Church on December 4th, 1828. In the fall of 1830, an extensive revival took place in Winchester, peace was restored to the opposing elements, and the two churches reunited under the joint pastorate of Dr. Hill and Mr. Riddle in April, 1832. Mr. Riddle accepting, soon after, a call to Pittsburg, the situation of Dr. Hill became again unpleasant, and in 1834 he accepted a call to the Briery Church in the West Hanover Presbytery. There he remained two years, and then removed to Alexandria, where he became pastor of the Second Church, and thence, after two more years, he returned to Winchester, where he resided with his son-in-law, Mr. Tidball, until his death on November 16th, 1852.





## Colonel Henry Stokes.

By Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D.

THE subject of this sketch was for forty-two years an honored and useful trustee of Hampden-Sidney College, and was never absent from a meeting of its board until within the past three years, when disabled by sickness. His father before him, the late Colin Stokes, Esq., of Lunenburg County, occupied the same position for many years, during the latter part of which the son served with him.

Henry Stokes was born in the county of Prince Edward on July 25th, 1820, but was reared from boyhood in Lunenburg. He was educated in the best schools of that day and at eighteen years of age entered the University of Virginia where he was a student for three sessions, when he returned home and was married on November 23d, 1841, to Miss Annie E. Hatchett, who, with seven sons and two daughters, survives him.

Through the pious example of his devoted young wife, he was led to Christ early in his married life and united with the Presbyterian Church, since which time he has continued a consistent and active Christian and was for many years a ruling elder in the church of his choice.

Colonel Stokes never sought or held political office but was interested in everything pertaining to the welfare of the country and had influence in shaping policies and promoting the interests of his people. He was frequently solicited to become a candidate for office and was held in such universal esteem that at one time he was urged by three political parties to stand for the legislature but he courteously declined, preferring the humbler and more congenial duties and pleasures of domestic life.

During the war between the States, he was what was known as "a bonded farmer," whose duty it was to furnish and gather supplies for the army, a position under the conditions then existing not less important to the efficiency of the service than a place at the front.

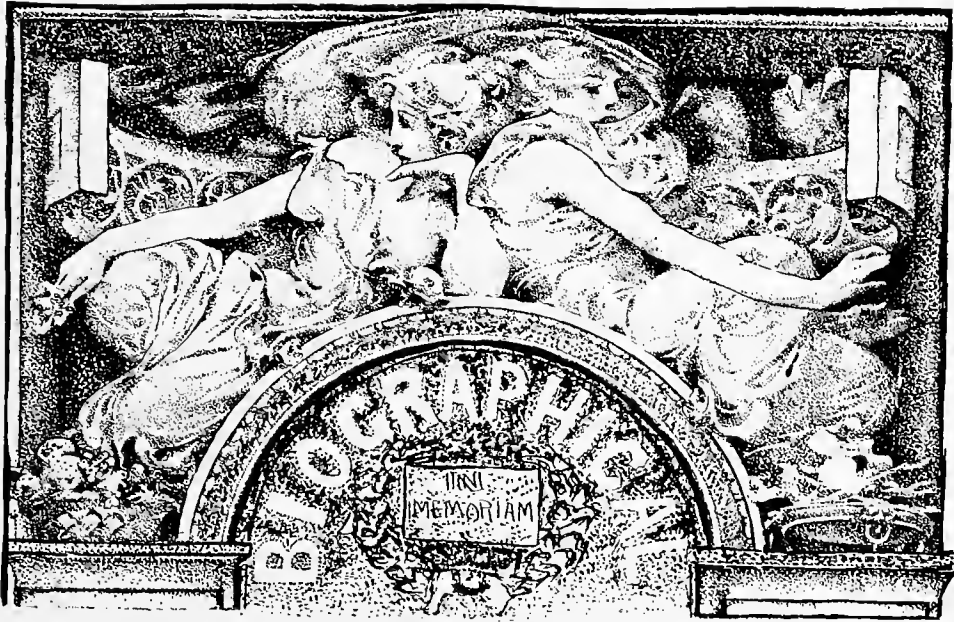
His life was active and useful throughout, until three years ago when disabled by a stroke of paralysis. The remainder of his days were spent in his home



and for the most part in bed, surrounded by a loving family and furnished with every material comfort. His resignation throughout was beautiful. No murmuring word ever escaped his lips. His cheerfulness and grateful recognition of the kindness of friends and the goodness of God; his unfeigned faith in the Saviour of sinners; his deep interest in the welfare of everything with which he had been connected and specially the church and the College, were perennial, and this continued down to the very last when on March 25th, 1900, in the eightieth year of his age, he gently and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

Colonel Stokes was no ordinary man. Possessed of good natural ability, he came out into life trained and instructed by study and fitted to fill an influential position in society. Choosing the occupation of a planter, than which none in *ante bellum* times and the days of slavery was more honorable or more generally sought by educated gentlemen, he devoted himself to his vocation with an intelligence and industry not often witnessed. Gifted with common sense to an unusual degree, he mastered the details of his situation and with unflagging energy commanded success under circumstances in which many failed.

His connection with the College was most salutary and helpful. He was its devoted friend and supporter, was always present at its meetings, for some years was secretary of its board of trustees and was also a member of two of its important standing committees. In all these positions he was punctual and cheerful in the discharge of every duty, giving advice when asked and rendering valuable assistance. In the construction of the Memorial Hall, the improvement of the athletic grounds and other undertakings, he was unwearied in his services. He never broke an engagement or failed to be on time in meeting one through any fault of his own. He was prompt in performing every obligation and "his word was as good as his bond." He was faithful to every trust and by diligence and careful oversight commanded success in all his undertakings. He has left a name unstained by meanness and his memory is honored by all who knew him. He is an admirable example to young men, for such virtues as he professed and practiced not only insure success but better than that, "a good conscience," and the favor of God.



## Kemp Plummer.

By Hon. Kemp Plummer Battle.

TWO brothers of the name of Plummer emigrated from England to the colonies in the first half of the eighteenth century. One of them settled in New Jersey, and from him was descended Rev. William S. Plumer, D. D., the eminent Presbyterian divine. The other, William Plummer, fixed his habitation in Virginia and married a daughter of a family which had long lived in Middlesex County—Elizabeth, or Betsy, Kemp, a descendant of Governor Richard Kemp, or Kempe. As the subject of this sketch much resembled his Kemp ancestry, it may not be amiss to state that Bishop Meade in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," thus speaks of this family:

"There is one name on the foregoing list (of Middlesex names) to which I must allude as having, at an early date in the history of Virginia, been characterized by a devotion to the welfare of church and religion, that of Kempe. The name often occurs in the vestry books of Middlesex County in such a way as to show it. The high esteem in which one of the family was held is seen from the fact that he was Governor of the colony in 1644, and the following extract from 'Henning's Statutes' will show not only the religious character of those in authority at that day but the probability that Governor Kempe sympathized

in the movement, for the Governor had great power either to promote or to prevent such a measure. In 1644 it was 'enacted by the Governor, Council, and Burgesses of this Grand Assembly, for God's glory, and the public benefit of the colony, to the end that God might avert His heavy judgments that are upon us, that the last Wednesday in every month be set apart for fast and humiliation, and that it be wholly dedicated to prayer and preaching.' " Bishop Meade adds, " I do not remember ever to have seen such an indefinite and prolonged period appropriated by a public body to public humiliation." The " heavy judgments " must have referred to the great civil war in England, the Governor, and the people of Virginia generally, adhering to King Charles with such loyalty as to gain for Virginia the name of " Old Dominion."

William Plummer, the first, was a planter and slave-owner in Middlesex County. As the family records are lost we do not know the names of all his children. Among them, however, were Kemp Plummer, a major of militia during the French and Indian war, and also a vestryman; George William, John and William Plummer, the second.

William Plummer, the second, was a planter in Gloucester County, near Mobjack Bay, his wife being Mary Hayes. He was a man of considerable wealth, until his slaves and the property were scattered by a British raid in the war of the Revolution. He was a good type of " the old Virginia gentleman," of great public spirit and popularity. As the office of vestryman had important civil, as well as ecclesiastical functions, and was invariably given to men of high social standing, his possession of that, as well as the military dignity of captain, shows his respectability. His unbounded hospitality and love of good cheer had the usual result of confining him with torturing goutiness to bed for years before his death, which occurred about 1779.

Captain William Plummer, of Gloucester, left two sons, William and Kemp, and four daughters, Mary Hayes, Elizabeth, Hannah, and Ann. William moved to the part of But County in North Carolina which is now called Franklin, married a Miss Ransom, half-sister of Senator Nathaniel Macon, and sister of Senator M. W. Ransom's grandfather, emigrated to Tennessee and left many descendants. Of the daughters, Betsy married Daniel Weldon and was the mother of the wife of Judge John Hall of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and Hannah married United States Senator Nathaniel Macon.

Kemp Plummer, born in 1769, the birth year of Napoleon and Wellington, was the second son of William Plummer and Mary Hayes. He was about ten years of age at the death of his father. His mother was a prudent and energetic woman, and, notwithstanding her husband's long sickness, and the impairment of his fortune, managed to support her family and give them an education. An incident of his boyhood is evidence that she demanded implicit obedience of her children. She had forbidden him to wrestle with negroes, but unfortunately he met the invincible colored champion of the community and was challenged

to a tussle. He could not resist the temptation. His Anglo-Saxon blood was up. In the struggle his arm was broken. More afraid of his mother's displeasure than of the pain, he hid under the bed and was only found after a search of several hours. Her sending him to Hampden-Sidney was another evidence of her care for his habits. She was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the nearer institution, William and Mary College, other things being equal, would naturally have been her choice. But William and Mary, as we learn from two of its eminent alumni, Bishops Ravenscroft and Meade, had a reputation for wildness, and Mrs. Plummer was afraid of it. He took his degree at Hampden-Sidney in 1786, the records not showing what success he had with his studies. He then read law under Chancellor Wythe, but did not practice in Virginia.

Attracted by the cheaper lands and superior wealthiness of the hill country of North Carolina, many families of Gloucester, Matthews, Middlesex, and other counties of Virginia, emigrated southward. About 1790 Mrs. Mary Plummer bought a plantation in Warren County, North Carolina, and her son opened a law office in Warrenton, the county-seat.

The young lawyer had not to wait long for clients. He was not a hard reader, was not possessed of a large share of legal lore, but he studied the law of the cases entrusted to him, and was a very successful practitioner. His manners were uncommonly agreeable, his speeches exceedingly interesting, clear, and pointed, and his reputation for strictest integrity gave him great weight with judge and jury. He was soon at the top of the local bar, with a remunerative income, practising, besides at home, in the counties of Halifax, Nash, and Franklin. His mind was quick, his speech ready, his memory retentive, his knowledge of human nature unerring, his discernment of the strong points of a case apt and sure, united to skill in the examination of witnesses. Moreover, his kindness of manner, and goodness of heart were so evident and so widely known, that he never made a permanent enemy of an opposing counsel or unwilling witness. But he lacked ambition and sought not to become eminent for learning or to tread the stormy paths of politics. He never endeavored to catch the applause of the bystanders, but spoke only to convince the jury. He was emphatically a successful verdict winner. The estimation of his fairness and



high tone as a practitioner held by the community of his circuit, is best shown by the fact that he was universally called "the honest lawyer."

Only three times could he be induced to offer himself as a candidate for public positions. In 1794, he was a member of the House of Commons, of the General Assembly and, in 1815 and 1816, he was State Senator. From 1817 to 1826 he was a trustee of the University of North Carolina, with such colleagues as Governor Brance, Governor Miller, John Stanley, Bartlett Yancey and Senators Badger and Mangum.

Up to 1835 the General Assembly elected the Governor. Mr. Plummer was once offered, by the dominant party, this high office. He consulted his wise wife about accepting it. She said, "We have enough to live on comfortably in Warrenton. You would certainly incur greater expense as Governor. I advise against it." Wisely he declined. With his convivial tastes he would have left the Capital in debt. The salary was only \$1,500 and the Governor was expected and accustomed in the olden times, especially during the session of the General Assembly which then met annually, to keep open house, with an occasional costly feast, enlivened with abundant wines and all forms of strong drinks, to which well nigh all the city was invited.

The above statement gives his public honors. He was, in addition, high in position in the Ancient and Honorable Order of Free and Accepted Masons, and was for a time Grand Master.

When a member of the State Senate in 1815 and 1816, he was chairman of one of the most important committees, and his reports and notes show that he was an advocate of adhering to the old landmarks.

He was not, however, opposed to all changes. On motion of Mr. Plummer it was resolved unanimously that the senators be instructed and the representatives requested to procure an amendment to the Constitution, providing that each state should be divided into districts of contiguous territory; that similar districts should be organized for appointing electors of President and Vice-president. His object was to make such divisions obligatory.

On the whole, the legislative career of Mr. Plummer was free from demagoguery.

Mr. Plummer retained during life the hospitable and convivial habits of "the old Virginia gentleman," and paid the same penalty that often fell to their lot—long continued gout, which carried him off soon after middle age, when he was in his fifty-eighth year. He was not intemperate, but drank wine at meals, ate highly seasoned food, invited to his table—and often as visitors for days—all strangers who came to the village, including as a matter of course judges and lawyers, when court week came, and members of Congress on their way to and from the Capital, whenever they stopped in Warrenton. He was an excellent raconteur and of sparkling vivacity. His facetiæ, often expressed in rhyme, were quoted in the counties of his circuit long after his death. His

witticisms were entirely without stings. For example, riding once with a friend, an elderly, grave, sardonic lawyer of Scotch birth, Falkener by name, whose mount was a thick-set pony, known far and near as Shandy, Mr. Plummer sang out,

“ Yankee doodle, doodle doo,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
Little men ride little nags,  
And Falkener he rides Shandy.”

He had not learnt from Rev. Sidney Smith that it takes a magical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. The irascible Falkener leaped from his pony and challenged the surprised improvisateur to a combat. Mr. Plummer gently replied, “ Why! Falkener!” The dark cloud of anger passed away as rapidly as it gathered. “ Say no more about it Plummer! say no more about it,” and they rode on as good friends as ever.

He was a good singer and was often called on to aid in the village amateur concerts. He was especially strong at the patriotic songs, much in vogue after the Revolution and the war of 1812. Once while, with blackened face he was giving “ The Constitution and the Guerriere,” in the enthusiasm inspired by the recital of the glorious victory, he doffed his sailor's cap and waved it vigorously, forgetting that his bald head was as white as nature had originally made it. The contrast of shining scalp and smutty countenance intensified the enjoyment of his audience. Even in childhood his musical gift was in demand. The family tradition is that when he attended church for the first time, and a hymn sung, he thought it his duty to add his contribution, and to the horror of the devout, but with the best of intentions, struck up the rollicking “ Old King Cole ” with all the energy of his boyish treble.

He married an excellent wife, a daughter of William Martin, a planter of Granville, and a granddaughter of Colonel Nicholas Long, Commissary General of North Carolina, and a soldier of the Continental line during the Revolution. They had thirteen children, of whom ten reached maturity. Of these, eight married and left numerous descendants.

His widow died January 21st, 1838, in the sixty-second year of her age.

Mr. Plummer died January 19th, 1826, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, after a painful illness of three months. The village newspaper, the *Warrenton Republican*, said of him: “ He was the glory of our little world, the pride of the village, the ornament of the county, an honor to the Bar, a friend of the poor, the bold advocate of the country.” This is high praise and well deserved, but the most prized tribute among his descendants is the name, which by a long course of honorable dealing, he earned—“ The Honest Lawyer.”

## The Mountain Top.

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Come to the purple mountain-top  
High up under the stars.  
Let the world and its troubles drop ;  
Leave the battle, forget the scars ;  
High up under the peaceful stars.

So far old earth has dropped away  
Beneath our hastening feet,  
That scarce a moan from mortal may  
Invade the calm of our retreat—  
So faint they fall beneath our feet.

The night wind fans the fevered face,  
Or is it a rush of wings?  
A spirit hovers o'er the place,  
And in the heart an anthem sings,  
As we list to the rush of hidden wings.

How like a vast cathedral dim,  
The ancient, arched pines  
Uprear their lofty columns slim !  
And heaven, a jewelled window, shines  
Through Gothic archways of the pines.

Within these free and fragrant aisles,  
So close to Truth we stand,  
No clay-born thought, no doubt, defiles ;  
No creed but love, our souls demand ;  
For all in all with God we stand.

Come to the purple mountain-top  
High up under the stars.  
There may the weary climber stop,  
And narrow vision o'erleap the bars.  
High up under the peaceful stars.





## Senior Class.

**Colors :** Orange and Blue.

**Motto :** Paddle Your Own Canoe.

**Yell.**

Rip ! Rap ! Tip ! Tap ! Boo ! Whoo ! Whoo !  
Hampden-Sidney ! Orange and Blue !  
Boom ! Boom ! Boom ! Boom ! Boom ! Boom ! Bah !  
Nineteen Hundred ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

### Officers.

#### First Term.

E. H. RICHARDSON, . . . . President, . . . .  
J. S. KUYKENDALL . . . Vice-President, . . . .  
S. C. BRADLEY, . . . Secretary and Treasurer, . . .  
W. C. BELL. . . . . Historian, . . . .

#### Second Term.

T. N. JONES,  
L. S. EPES,  
W. B. BUFORD,  
W. C. BELL.

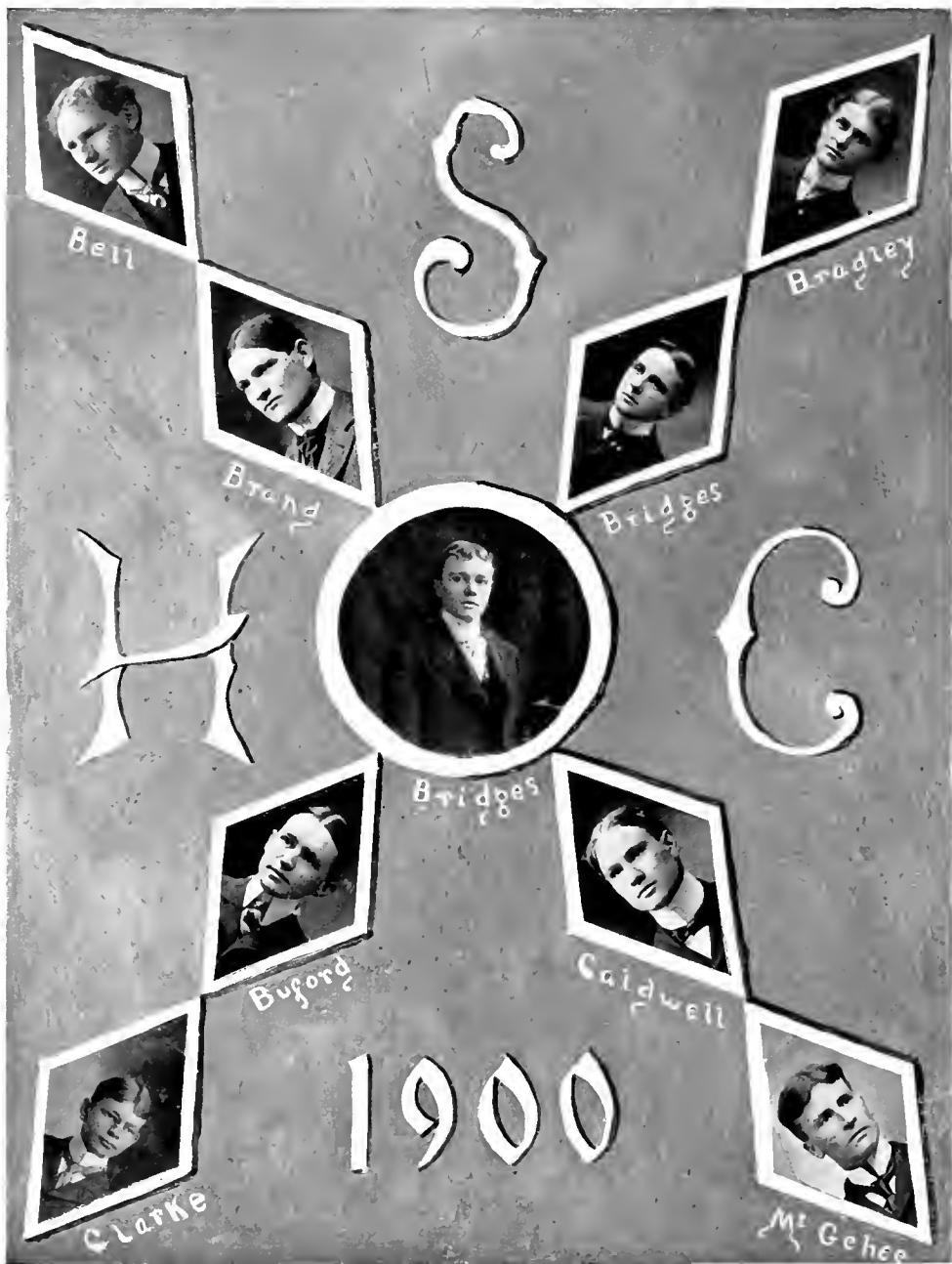
### Post-Graduate Students.

WILLIAM WALTON BONDURANT, Philanthropic, Rice, Virginia.

Freshman Declaimer's Medal; Freshman Prize Scholarship; Sophomore Prize Scholarship;  
Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1897-98-99; Vice-President of Class, 1897-98; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1897-98; Final Junior Orator, 1897-98; Associate Editor of KALEIDOSCOPE, 1897-98-99; President of Class, 1898-99; Assistant Librarian, Senior Year; Final President of Philanthropic Society, 1899; Second Honor and Latin Salutatory, 1899; Member of Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1900.

TOM PEETE CROSS, K. I., Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Magazine Staff, First Term, 1899; Second Honor and Valedictory, 1899.



## Members.

WILLIAM WATSON BRAND, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1897-98-99-00; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99.

FRANCIS WILBUR BRIDGES, *B Θ II*, Philanthropic, Hancock, Maryland.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1896-97; Marshal at Final Celebration, '98.

WILBUR COSBY BELL, *Φ Γ Δ, Θ Ν Ε, Κ Λ*, R. H. O. C. T., Philanthropic, Milnesville, Virginia.

Sophomore-Freshman *Magazine* Medal, 1897-98; Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1897-98; Secretary of Class, 1897-98; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1897-98; Historian of Class, 1898-99-00; Manager Reading Room, 1898-99; *Magazine* Staff, 1898-99-00; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1898-99-00; Intermediate Junior Orator, '99; Final Junior Orator, '99; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1899-00, First Term; Junior Essayist's Medal, 1898-99; Junior-Senior *Magazine* Medal, 1898-99; Final President of Philanthropic Society, 1900; Editor-in-Chief of the *Magazine*, 1899-00; Editor-in-Chief of the KALEIDOSCOPE, 1899-00; Assistant Librarian Senior Year.

WARREN BRUCE BUFORD, *Φ Κ Ψ*, R. H. O. C. T., *Σ Σ Σ*, Union, Roanoke, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Captain *pro tem.* of College Baseball Team, 1899-1900; President of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Marshal, Intermediate, 1898-99; Marshal, Senior Night, 1898-99; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1899-1900; Art Editor KALEIDOSCOPE, 1899-1900; Local Editor of the *Magazine*, 1899-1900; Dramatic Club, 1899-1900.

SAMUEL COLLINS BRADLEY, *B Θ II*, Union, Sherman, Texas.

Substitute College Football Team, 1897-98; Class Football and Baseball Teams, 1897-98; Class Football Teams, 1899-1900; College Football Team, 1899-1900.

ALFRED SHORTER CALDWELL, *Κ Σ*, R. H. O. C. T., *Σ Σ Σ*, Philanthropic, Oxford, North Carolina.

Class Historian, 1896-97; Secretary of Class, 1896-97; Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1897-1898; President of Class, First Term, 1898-99; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1898-99; College Football Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Captain Class Football Teams, 1898-99; Alternate Captain College Football Team, 1899-1900; Gymnasium Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Track Team, 1897-98-99-1900; All-round Athletic Medal, 1897-98; Gymnasium Director, 1898-99-1900; Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1898; Review Editor of *Magazine*, 1899-1900; Business Manager of THE KALEIDOSCOPE, 1899-1900.

OTIS MANSON CLARKE, Union, South Boston, Virginia.

Sophomore Essayist Medal, 1897-98.



Davis



Dixon



Eastey



Eley



Epes



Everore



Fugate



Gilliam



Hart

# Library Hamden - Sydney College

LAVILLON DUPUY COLE, *K Σ*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., *Θ Ν Ε*, V., Union, Danville, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; College Football Team, 1898-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99; Marshal, Finals, 1899; College Football Team, 1899-1900; Chairman of Arrangement Committee for Intermediate German, 1899-1900.

FRANKLIN DAVIS, *Η Κ Α*, Petersburg, Virginia.

Track Team, 1898.

JOHN WESLEY DIXON, Union, Abilene, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; College Football Team, 1899-1900.

JAMES CHAMBLESS ELY, Philanthropic, Suffolk, Virginia.

LOUIS SPENCER EPES, *Α Φ*, Philanthropic, Blackstone, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1900.

FINLEY MONWELL EVERSOLE, Union, Rural Retreat, Virginia.

Freshman Prize Scholarship, 1896-97; Sophomore Prize Scholarship, 1897-98; Ministerial Scholarships, 1896-97-98-99; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1899-1900.

ROBERT CARRON FUGATE, Union, Abingdon, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1898-99; Class Baseball Team, 1898-1899; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99; Editor of Y. M. C. A. Department of the *Magazine*, First Term, 1899-1900; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A., 1899-1900; Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Substitute on College Baseball Team, 1899-1900.

THOMAS DUPUY GILLIAM, *Α Φ*, R. H. O. C. T., Philanthropic, Hixburg, Va.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99; College Football Team, 1898-99-1900; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99; Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1898-99; Track Team, 1898.

THOMAS SANFORD HART, *Φ Γ Δ*, *Θ Ν Ε*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., *Κ Δ*, Worsham, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Secretary of Class, 1897-98.

EDWARD BEVERLY HERNDON, JR., *Σ Α*, J. H. C., Union, Shreveport, Louisiana.

President of Class, First Term, 1896-97-98; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1897-98-99-1900; College Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Captain of College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Gymnasium Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Marshal at Intermediate Celebration, 1896-97-98-1899; Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1898-99; President of Athletic Association, First Term, 1899-1900; Final President of Union Society, 1900.

THOMAS WILLIAMSON HOOPER, JR., *Η Κ Α*, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Christiansburg, Virginia.

Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99-1900; College Football Team, 1899-1900; Class Football Team, 1899-1900; College Baseball Team, 1899-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Orchestra, 1898-99-1900; *Magazine* Staff, 1899-1900; Business Manager *pro tem*, of the KALEIDOSCOPE, 1900; Manager of Baseball Team, 1899-1900.



THOMAS NATHANIEL JONES, *H K A, Θ N E*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., V., *Σ Ξ Σ*,  
Union, Smithville, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Marshal at Final Celebration, 1897-98; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1896-97; Class Historian, 1897-98; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Final Junior Orator, 1898-99; Chairman of Music Committee, Final, 1899; Treasurer of Athletic Association, First Term 1899-1900; Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Substitute, College Baseball Team, 1899-1900; Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1899-1900; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1899-1900; Leader of German Club, 1899-1900; President of Class, and Final President, 1899-1900.

GEORGE JUNKIN, Christiansburg, Virginia.

College Orchestra, 1899-1900.

JAMES MONTGOMERY KELLY, Union, Abingdon, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1898-99-1900; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99-1900; Debater's Medal, Union Society, 1898-99; College Football Team, 1899-1900; Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., 1899-1900; Final Senior Orator, 1899-1900.

JAMES SLOAN KUYKENDALL, *A T Q*, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Romney, West Virginia.

Intermediate Junior Orator, 1897-98; Final Junior Orator, 1897-98; Captain of Class Football Team, 1897-98; Captain of College Football Team, 1898-99-1900; Senior Orator's Medal, 1899-1900; Manager of Baseball Team, 1899-1900.

JOHN EVANS LOWRY, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1896-97; Freshman Declaimer's Medal, 1896-97; College Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1899; Delivered Essayist's Medal, 1898; Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1898-99-1900; Delivered Debater's Medal, 1899; Final Junior Orator, 1899; Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, 1899-1900; Director Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1899-1900; Delivered Senior Orator's Medal, 1899-1900.

RAY ATKINSON MOORE, Philanthropic, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

GEORGE DOUGLASS MOORE, *X Φ*, Union, Charlestown, West Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1898-99-1900; College Baseball Team, 1898-99-1900; Representative of College at Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

THOMAS JONES PAYNE, *K Σ*, V., *K J*, Philanthropic, Chatham, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Marshal at Intermediate, 1897; Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1897; Marshal at Finals, 1897; *Magazine* Staff, 1899-1900; Intermediate Senior Orator, 1899-1900; Presented Senior Orator's Medal, 1899-1900; Dramatic Club, 1900; Class Football Team, 1900.

MICHAUX RAINE, Union, Danville, Virginia.

Senior Intermediate Orator, 1900.



Pilson



Raine



Payne



Richardson



Sydensteyn



Stokes



Triplett



Wauchop



EDWARD HENDERSON RICHARDSON, *K Δ, V., K Λ*, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, First and Second Terms, 1897-98; Marshall at Intermediate, 1897-98; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1898-99; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Manager of Class Baseball Team, 1898-99; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1899; Final Junior Orator, 1899; President of Class, First Term, 1899-1900; Manager Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Manager Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900; Senior Orator's Medal, 1900; Oratorical Contest, 1899-1900; Business Manager of Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club; Business Manager of *The Magazine*, 1900.

HENRY STRAUGHAN STOKES, *Φ K Ψ*, R. H. O. C. T., Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Secretary of Y. M. C. A.; Class Football Team, 1898-99-1900.

JOHN ANDREW SYDENSTRICKER, Union, Academy, West Virginia.

JOHN EDWIN TRIPPLETT, Philanthropic, Duffields, West Virginia.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD WAUCHOPE, Philanthropic, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

JAMES WILLIAM HANDY PILSON, *B Θ H*, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

Marshal, Final Celebration, 1896-97; Captain of Class Teams, 1896-97-98; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1896-97; Chairman of Final Band Committee, 1897-98; President of Athletic Association, 1898-99; College and Class Baseball Teams, 1898-99-1900.

### Quondam Members.

HAZEL ARTHUR BARROW, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.  
THOMAS BALLARD BLAKE, JR., *K Σ*, Union, St. Louis, Missouri.  
HARRY PERCIVAL BRIDGES, Philanthropic, Hancock, Maryland.  
JAMES SPENCER BURGER, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.  
CHARLES BLEDSOE CRUTE, Farmville, Virginia.  
MADISON THENTON DAVIS, JR., *Φ K Ψ*, Charleston, West Virginia.  
ARTHUR MONTGOMERY DUVALL, *K Σ*, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.  
JOSEPH EGGLESTON DUPUY, *Φ I Λ*, *Θ Ν Ε*, Roanoke, Virginia.  
JAMES ALBERT ENGLE, Bakerton, West Virginia.  
HENRY OWEN EASLEY, *Λ Φ*, Union, South Boston, Virginia.  
J. THOMAS GOODE, JR., *Φ I Λ*, Union, Skipwith, Virginia.  
PHILIP EUGENE HUBARD, *Λ Φ*, Bolling, Virginia.  
GARLAND LIGHTFOOT MORRISS, *K Σ*, Manteo, Virginia.  
JOSEPH A. PAYNE, Philanthropic, Yancey Mills, Virginia.  
WILLIAM BURR PARSONS, Gunnison, Colorado.  
WILLIAM NELSON SCOTT, JR., Galveston, Texas.  
JOHN WILSON SOMERVILLE, *Σ Α*, Mitchell's Station, Virginia.  
HARRY LUCIEN STEPHENSON, *Σ Α*, Roanoke, Virginia.  
MANLEY CURRY TURPIN, Philanthropic, Shadwell, Virginia.  
DAVID COMFORT WATKINS, *Η Κ Α*, Smithville, Virginia.  
THOMAS HAMILTON WYLEY, *Σ Α*, Macon, Georgia.

## Senior Class History.

NO MAN can say of us, "They came thence," or "They go thither."

We had no perceptible origin; we came into college very much as the darkness comes over the face of the earth, gradually, unostentatiously, until at length we pervaded Hampden-Sidney and nothing was free from our subtle influence. No one has ever tried to account for us, and, according to the Faculty, it would be impossible. They say we are an example of those curious products that Dame Nature moulds when she has the indigestion, and that it will be years before the moral tone of the College is restored to its former Presbyterian standard.

Yet some there be who are of an opposite opinion or else who look at us from a different point of view. The classes beneath us hold us in the highest possible esteem, the girls say we are the best class that ever came to Hampden-Sidney, in short, every one, except those who have been charged with our guidance, has been loud in commendation. It is true that we have often fallen from grace, that we have studied only on special occasions, when we had to, that we have "vexed the souls of deans" and run rampant over historic traditions, yet after all we have no fear but that we will be appreciated even by the rulers of the college after it is too late.

For in our day and generation Hampden-Sidney's fame in athletics has gone abroad throughout the land, and in the last four years there have been recorded more victories, and more important victories, than ever before fell to the lot of this, our college. And have we not always had more men on the teams than all the rest of the classes put together? And have we not held the college championship at both baseball and football

ever since our Sophomore year? Caldwell, Cole, Gilliam, Buford, Dixon—nay, let us not name our athletes lest we become puffed up with pride.

Surely the *Magazine* has been no worse in our hands than in previous years. Buford as a humorist is above par, Payne is a man of the world and enjoys monkeying with the questions of the day—we have no fear for the twentieth century literature.

And what of the dramatic entertainments, of the Germans, of bygone KALEIDOSCOPES, of the development of class spirit, of scientific class and chapel cutting? Ask any one who knows whereof he speaks and he will tell you that we have kept these side shows of the College going.

And then we have furnished the people with something to talk about. When anything worth mentioning has occurred, whether the Class of 1900 had anything to do with it has always been a fruitful subject of speculation. When the mysterious zeros appeared on most of the houses in the vicinity, when the chapel was at different times tastefully decorated, when the explosion outside the chapel door shook the windows and made the girls jump, people went about shaking their heads and saying, "Oh, that Class of 1900."

So a long good-bye to you, one and all,—the things we have thought and said and done, the halls wherein our feet have trod, the girls we have loved, the games we have played, and the classes we have cut. You shall remain but we pass into the beyond forever—beyond your memory, thought or care; we leave perhaps a few monuments behind us, but as for ourselves,

"We came like water, and like wind we go."

THE HISTORIAN.

## Junior Class.

MOTTO : *Sic itur ad astra.*

COLORS : Navy Blue and White.

Yell.

Whoola, whoola !

Ziz ! Bah ! Bun !

H. S. ! H. S. ! 1901.



### Officers.

#### First Term.

W. M. KEMPER, . . . . .	President, . . . . .	S. E. OSBOURNE,
W. E. JONES, . . . . .	Vice-President, . . . . .	W. M. KEMPER,
J. L. DAVIS, . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . .	F. A. BROWN,
ALEXANDER MARTIN, . . . . .	Historian, . . . . .	ALEXANDER MARTIN.

#### Second Term.

### Members.

GEORGE FRANCIS BELL, Union, Putney's, Virginia.

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS BROWN, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

President of Y. M. C. A., 1897-98-99-00; Magazine Staff, 1899-00; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1899-00.

HENRY BOWDEN, *K A*, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

ARTHUR HARRIS CLARKE, Philanthropic, Danville, Virginia.

Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1900-01.

PEYTON COCHRAN, *B Θ II*, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

Secretary of Class, First Term, 1898-99; Chairman Intermediate Music Committee, 1898-99; Marshal Finals, 1898; Secretary of Athletic Association, 1898-99; Secretary of Class, Last Term, 1899-00; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1900.

JEDDY LEE DAVIS, *Φ K Ψ, Θ N E*, R. H. O. C. T., Charleston, West Virginia.

Secretary of Class, First Term, 1897-98; President of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1898-99-00; Substitute on Football Team, 1899-00; Member of Dramatic Club, 1898-99.

LONDON LESLIE DAVIS, *Λ Φ*, Philanthropic, Westboro, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1899-00; Class Football Team, 1899-00; Marshal at Finals, 1900.

THOMAS REESE ENGLISH, JR., *Σ X*, Union, Richmond, Virginia.

President of Class, 1898-99.

ROBERT EMERSON FULTZ, Philanthropic, Sangersville, Virginia.

HASTINGS HAWKES, Philanthropic, Wellville, Virginia.

ROBERT EDMONDS HENRY, *B Θ II*, Tazewell, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1899-00; Class Baseball Team, 1899-00.

PORTER YOUNG JOHNSON, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1898-99, 1899-00; Track Team, 1897-98.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT JONES, *II K A*, Philanthropic, San Marino, Virginia.

Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1899; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1899-00.

WILLIAM MAUZY KEMPER, *K Σ*, R. H. O. C. T., *Θ X E*, *Z T A*, Philanthropic, Warrenton, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1898-99-00; Captain of Class Football Team, 1898-99-00; Secretary of Class, Last Term, 1898-99; President of Class, First Term, 1899-00; Vice-President of Class, Last Term, 1899-00; Manager of Mandolin and Guitar Club, 1899-00; President of German Club, 1899-00; Manager of Track Team, 1899-00; Elected Captain of College Football Team, 1900-01.

ALEXANDER MARTIN, *II K A*, Union, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

President Athletic Association, Last Term, 1899-00; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1900; Final Junior Orator, 1900; Class Historian, Last Term, 1899-00; Final Invitation Committee, 1898-99; Delivered Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1898-99.

WILLIAM ADAMS McALLISTER, Union, Covington, Virginia.

Final Junior Orator, 1899-00.

HARRY HAVENER MUNROE, Philanthropic, Baltimore, Maryland.

Gymnasium Team, 1898-99; Manager of Y. M. C. A. Reading Room, Last Term, 1899-00.

GEORGE CHAFFIN ROBESON, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

HERMAN MELVIN ROBERTS, Philanthropic, Henderson, Kentucky.

Junior Orator, Intermediate, 1899-00; Member Dramatic Club, 1899-00.

SAMUEL EDMOND OSBORNE, *K Σ*, *K A*, Philanthropic, Duffields, West Virginia.

College Football Team, 1897-98-99-00; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99-00; Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99-00; Track Team, 1897-98-99-00; Vice-President of Athletic Association, Last Term, 1899-00; President of Class, Last Term, 1899-00; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., Last Term, 1899-00; Junior Orator, Intermediate, 1899-00; Member Dramatic Club, 1899-00; Final Invitation Committee, 1898-99.

RICHARD CRAWLEY STOKES, *K Σ, Z T I*, Philanthropic, Covington, Virginia.

Manager of Class Football Team, 1899-00; Marshal Intermediate Celebration, 1899-00; Invitation Committee, Intermediate, 1899-00; Dramatic Club, 1899-00; Final Junior Orator, 1900.

JAMES IRA PRITCHETT, *K Σ*, Union, Danville, Virginia.

RICHARD H. PRITCHETT, *K Σ*, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Danville, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1899-00.

CHARLES IRVING WADE, *Φ K Ψ*, R. H. O. C. T., *Θ Ν Ε*, Union, Christiansburg, Virginia.

Track Team, 1897-98; Orchestra and Glee Club, 1897-98.

ROBERT HEXING WEBB, Philanthropic, Suffolk, Virginia.

Freshman Scholarship, 1897-98; Sophomore Scholarship, 1898-99; Class Historian, 1897-98, 1898-99; Invitation Committee, 1898-99.

## Junior Class History.

AS Moses stood upon the summit of Pisgah and viewed the goodliness of the land of milk and honey, promised long before, so stand we, gazing at glories long looked forward to, the glories of the period of seniority; and backward we look upon two bands of weary toilers, struggling for the vantage-ground which we now occupy. We pity these two companies of pilgrims, as they struggle through the perplexities of Soph Math, thinking they are leaving behind the most insuperable barrier of their college course, but we would remind them that the fumes of Junior Chemistry have still to permeate the membrane of their olfactory organs, and that Psychology holds in store for them hair splitting distinctions between mind and matter.

Although as yet we have never succeeded in winning the pennant in inter-class athletics, our valiant Kemper and our giants, Osborne and Davis, will never allow the blue and white to trail in the dust of the gridiron. Our achievements, however, in the classroom are worthy of more extended notice, for we neither found ourselves dismayed when wandering through the intricate mazes of the spiral of Archimedes, nor were we terrified when brought face to face with the three-fold laws of Newton; but we are forced to admit that cold chills chased one another up and down our spinal columns when we were first introduced to the mysteries of electricity.

Does not the fact that the chair of science has judged us fit to enter upon

a course in physics—a thing unprecedented in the history of Juniors—prove that this confidence in our ability is not limited to ourselves.

We very much prize that compliment which our genial professor in English paid us when he said that ours was the only class in College which would not indulge in that vulgar yell "Calico," but we would not create the impression that we have not among our number, men who give expression to their love for the fairer sex in more acceptable language.

But this history would not be complete without individual mention of some of the guiding stars of our destiny. We were proud to regain our Lilliputian after the holidays, with his added dignity arising from a recent acquirement of long trousers. Our mascot, Daddy Fultz, through the medium of his mustache, still lends to the class an air of unapproachable dignity. The logie of our Augustus is as deep and unfathomable as of yore. We desire here to express our gratitude for the valuable additions to our number which Hoge Academy furnished; the search for knowledge would indeed be a weary journey were we not cheered on the way by the perpetual good humor of Hawkes and the hopefulness of Davis.

And now, kind reader, if you have found this chronicle devoid of interest, our only comment is that of the old Roman, "Happy is the people whose annals are uninteresting."

THE HISTORIAN.



## Sophomore Class.

MOTTO : Take Things as they Come.

COLORS : Royal Purple and White.

### Yell.

Wahoo ! Wahoo ! What do we do ?  
 We yell ! We yell ! 1902 !  
 Rah, rah, rah ! Rip, rah, re !  
 Hip rah, rip rah ! H. S. C.

### Officers.

#### First Term.

P. B. HILL, . . . . .	President, . . . . .	B. C. AVERILL
S. L. MAGEE, . . . . .	Vice-President, . . . . .	J. C. PANCAKE
A. P. JOHNSON, . . . . .	Treasurer, . . . . .	D. H. WILLCOX
J. C. PANCAKE, . . . . .	Secretary, . . . . .	R. H. BURROUGHS
S. C. BOWEN, . . . . .	Historian, . . . . .	S. C. BOWEN

#### Second Term.



## Members.

GEORGE BLANTON ALLEN, . . . . .	Morganfield, Kentucky
FRANCIS SIDNEY ANDERSON, . . . . .	Farmville, Virginia
BARR CUSHING AVERILL, . . . . .	Beaumont, Texas
SAMUEL CECIL BOWEN, . . . . .	Knob, Virginia
RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS, . . . . .	Norfolk, Virginia
CREIGHTON C. CAMPBELL, . . . . .	Roanoke, Virginia
EDWARD HERMAN COHN, . . . . .	Norfolk, Virginia
JOSEPH ALLAN CHRISTIAN, . . . . .	Willcox Wharf, Virginia
HARDY CROSS, . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
JOHN LAWRENCE DANIEL, . . . . .	Farmville, Virginia
PAUL GRAY EDMUNDS, . . . . .	Farmville, Virginia
GEORGE SIMEON FULTZ, . . . . .	Sangerville, Virginia
ROBERT SPOTTS GRAHAM, . . . . .	Tazewell, Virginia
GEORGE SAMUEL HARNSBERGER, . . . . .	Shenandoah, Virginia
PIERRE BERNARD HILL, . . . . .	Richmond, Virginia
ARCHER PHLEGAR JOHNSON, . . . . .	Christiansburg, Virginia
WILLIAM READ MARTIN, . . . . .	Smithfield, Virginia
STEWART LEIGH MAGEE, . . . . .	Clarksville, Virginia
HUGH MOFFITT McALLISTER, . . . . .	Covington, Virginia
HOUSTON BURGER MOORE, . . . . .	Mossy Creek, Virginia
JOSEPH CALVIN PANCAKE, . . . . .	Romney, West Virginia
JAMES DENHAM PASCO, . . . . .	Monticello, Florida
PAUL VALERE PORTNER, . . . . .	Washington, District of Columbia
BENJAMIN BRADFORD REYNOLDS, . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
JAMES IRA PRITCHETT, JR., . . . . .	Danville, Virginia
JAMES HENRY RUDY, . . . . .	Paducah, Kentucky
RICHARD CRALLE STOKES, . . . . .	Covington, Virginia
THOMAS WATKINS, . . . . .	Watkins, Virginia
DANIEL HAMILTON WILLCOX, . . . . .	Petersburg, Virginia
SAMUEL MILLER ZEA, . . . . .	Strasburg, Virginia

## Sophomore Class History.

JUST as, "Great streams from little fountains flow," and, "Great oaks from little acorns grow," even so great Sophs from little Freshmen grow. Yes, even we, the illustrious, were once insignificant Freshmen, going about attending to every one's business but our own, with the greatest diligence. It was in those palmy days of long ago that Dr. Mellwaine, whom some bold, bad fellows familiarly style "Neb," said we were "sum punkins" and that one day we, even we, would be all-powerful Seniors. Then we could not understand such bold statements, our simple minds could not command such a flight of the imagination, but now, since we have come into the full realization of Sophomore greatness, we can easily see the truth of the assertion, and confidently feel that our class will furnish several future presidents and, at the very least, every one of us will be a congressman. Behold, even now those creatures of a day, the Freshmen, lift their hats when we pass; they can apprehend our greatness but it is impossible for them to comprehend it.

One poor beguiled Fresh rebelled against our imperial authority. Little did he know in his innocence the magnitude of the crime which he had perpetrated, nor did he understand that it were better had a millstone been hanged about his neck and he dropped into the deep sea than that he should call down upon his defenceless head the wrath of his lords and masters. He had this to learn and speedily he learned it, for to his credit be it said that he never forgot

it—he couldn't. In his dreams he has been heard to murmur "That old gag about the camel going through the eye of a needle is a cinch compared with facing the angry Soph." We were touched by the pathos and feeling expressed in those words, so we have been easy on him of late. Now we only require him to polish our shoes.

You can see from this that, although men are inclined to call us hard masters, yet there is a tender streak in our cosmos. Like our beauty, however, it is elusive; it's there, but you can easily miss it, and most people generally do miss it.

Taken individually, collectively, or morally we are the warmest class that ever crossed the pike. Taking us individually, there is "Brogues" of the bow-legs, who also has the distinguished honor of being "J. R.'s" brother; "Colonel," of the sorrel-top; "Spider," of the spindle legs; "Parson," who resembles Bill Nye; "Smilax," who "was beaten by red-headed Moore;" besides numberless others who should be mentioned did not space forbid. Taken collectively, we are the cause of many heartaches for the Normalites who see us pass. Taken morally, we have no morals; there is a hole where our moral bump ought to be.

But you cry enough. Actions speak louder than words, so when you see us in the senate-house, just remember what we have told you and watch us, for we will make an appropriation for old Hampden-Sidney and will also "bate the tax on beer."

THE HISTORIAN.



## Freshman Class.

MOTTO : " Virtute non Verbis."

COLORS : Pink and Blue.

Yell.

Chippe go-ree, go-ri, go-roo,  
Ziprah, ziprah, pink and blue !  
Hippero, hiro, hiseum hee !  
Rah, rah, rah, rah !  
Nineteen three !

### Officers.

#### First Term.

SIMON CASABIANCA AKERS,	<i>President.</i>
ROBERT CRISER WILKINSON,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
WILLIAM SHARP LEE,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
JAMES CURTIS PARSONS,	<i>Secretary.</i>
LANGHORNE REID,	<i>Historian.</i>

#### Last Term.

RICHARD ADDISON GILLIAM,	<i>President.</i>
ROBERT SHEFFEY PRESTON,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
JOSEPH E. B. HOLLADAY,	<i>Secretary.</i>
LEMUEL ROY JONES,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
LANGHORNE REID,	<i>Historian.</i>

## Members.

WILLIAM WATSON ANDERSON, . . . . .	Hillandale, Virginia
SIMON CASABIANCA AKERS, . . . . .	Plum Branch, Virginia
WALTER MCCLURE CARTER, . . . . .	Amelia, Virginia
THOMAS OWEN EASLEY, . . . . .	South Boston, Virginia
HENRY EASLEY, JR., . . . . .	South Boston, Virginia
WILLIAM McALLISTER ENGLAND, . . . . .	Covington, Virginia
RICHARD ADDISON GILLIAM, . . . . .	Covington, Virginia
THOMAS HORNER,	
PETER WILKINSON HAMLETT, . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
ROBERT EMMET HAMLETT, . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
THOMAS JEFFERSON HARWELL, . . . . .	Petersburg, Virginia
JOSEPH E. B. HOLLADAY, . . . . .	Suffolk, Virginia
ARTHUR PRESTON HUTTON, . . . . .	Abingdon, Virginia
EMMETT HUGH HAY, . . . . .	Petersburg, Virginia
JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING, JR., . . . . .	Howardsville, Virginia
HORACE PALMER JONES, . . . . .	Cherriton, Virginia
LEMUEL ROY JONES, . . . . .	Petersburg, Virginia
LEWIS DUPEY JOHNSTON, . . . . .	South Boston, Virginia
WILLIAM SHARP LEE, . . . . .	Crewe, Virginia
JOHN MARTIN, . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
EDWARD MCGHEE, JR., . . . . .	Abilene, Virginia
JAMES SHERIDAN NEWMAN, . . . . .	Somerset, Virginia
EDWARD POWELL NICHOLSON, . . . . .	Portsmouth, Virginia
JAMES CURTIS PARSONS, . . . . .	Massies, Virginia
CLARENCE CASSIUS PHARR, . . . . .	Fincastle, Virginia
ROBERT SMITH PHIFER, JR., . . . . .	Danville, Virginia
MELVIN THURSTON PHILIPS, . . . . .	Norfolk, Virginia
ROBERT SHEFFEY PRESTON, . . . . .	Marion, Virginia
LANGHORNE REID, . . . . .	Chatham, Virginia
EARNEST GARLAND STOKES, . . . . .	Oral Oaks, Virginia
STANLEY THOMAS, . . . . .	Holston Valley, Tennessee
ROBERT CRISER WILKINSON, . . . . .	Warm Springs, Virginia
JAMES HOUSTON WOLVERTON, . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
ALBERT WARD WOOD, . . . . .	Moorefield, West Virginia

# Freshman Class History.

*"Virtute non verbis."*

THE historian of the present Freshman Class of Hampden-Sidney College feels himself entirely too incompetent to give due justice to the many attainments which have thus far distinguished this class in its endeavors to pass beyond the stages of infancy.

As a baby, it is a bouncer of great intellectual power and many attainments coupled with the highest ambitions, which in future will compel those who now look down upon it to bow in meek humility to its superior merits. Nineteen-three made her appearance on an autumn day when all nature was at her best, seemingly bidding us welcome to the classic walls of dear old Hampden-Sidney in which many future hours will be spent, and afterwards reviewed as the happiest of our lives.

Now, having passed the Faculty "subjugum," we made our "first appearance" in the comedy of errors, in four acts. It remains to be seen what the result will be; although we hope for the best, as our cavalry, upon which so much reliance is placed, is both efficient and strong in numbers. Chums having been chosen, we for the first time experience that delightful sensation of being classed in the category of "college men."

The first night we dream of future greatness and conquests. At earliest dawn we are awakened by the unfamiliar and, to our ears, unmusical tones of the College bell; taking our way to chapel, we enter therein, and find ourselves objects of curious scrutiny. First from the overgrown Freshmen, otherwise known as Sophs, we get a look of contempt and hatred, which makes us quake with fear, and nearly breaks our hearts. After this comes the critical gaze of the

Juniors; then that stare of indifference from the Seniors, so much studied, still so far from perfection; lastly, we encounter that indescribable look from the Faculty, in which lurks so much hidden meaning.

Next follows the class organization, the prep-contingent, by virtue of their practical experience in politics monopolizing most of the offices. After this comes the selection of a yell, for this infant has a superabundance of lung power, which it demonstrates on every occasion, and, believing noise to be the first requisite, we adopted the combination which adorns this article as a heading.

As for special accomplishments, Nineteen-three can not be voted above "par." In the matter of beauty she falls below mediocrity; but there is a great consolation in the fact that beauty is not a requisite for greatness and knowledge.

Of this we have striking proof, taking several members of the Faculty of Hampden-Sidney College as examples. Of orators, she has quite a number, if lung power can be classed as an element essential to oratorical ability. Of drones and block-heads, the historian feel assured that the "Profs" will sustain him in the statement that the Class of Nineteen-three harbors not one in her ranks.

Now, the historian having endeavored to fulfill the duties required of him, according to his ability, it is his hope and belief that the class individually and collectively will strive to emulate the success of other great and good men, who have become celebrated both in history and song, and who were at one time Freshmen like ourselves.

THE HISTORIAN.

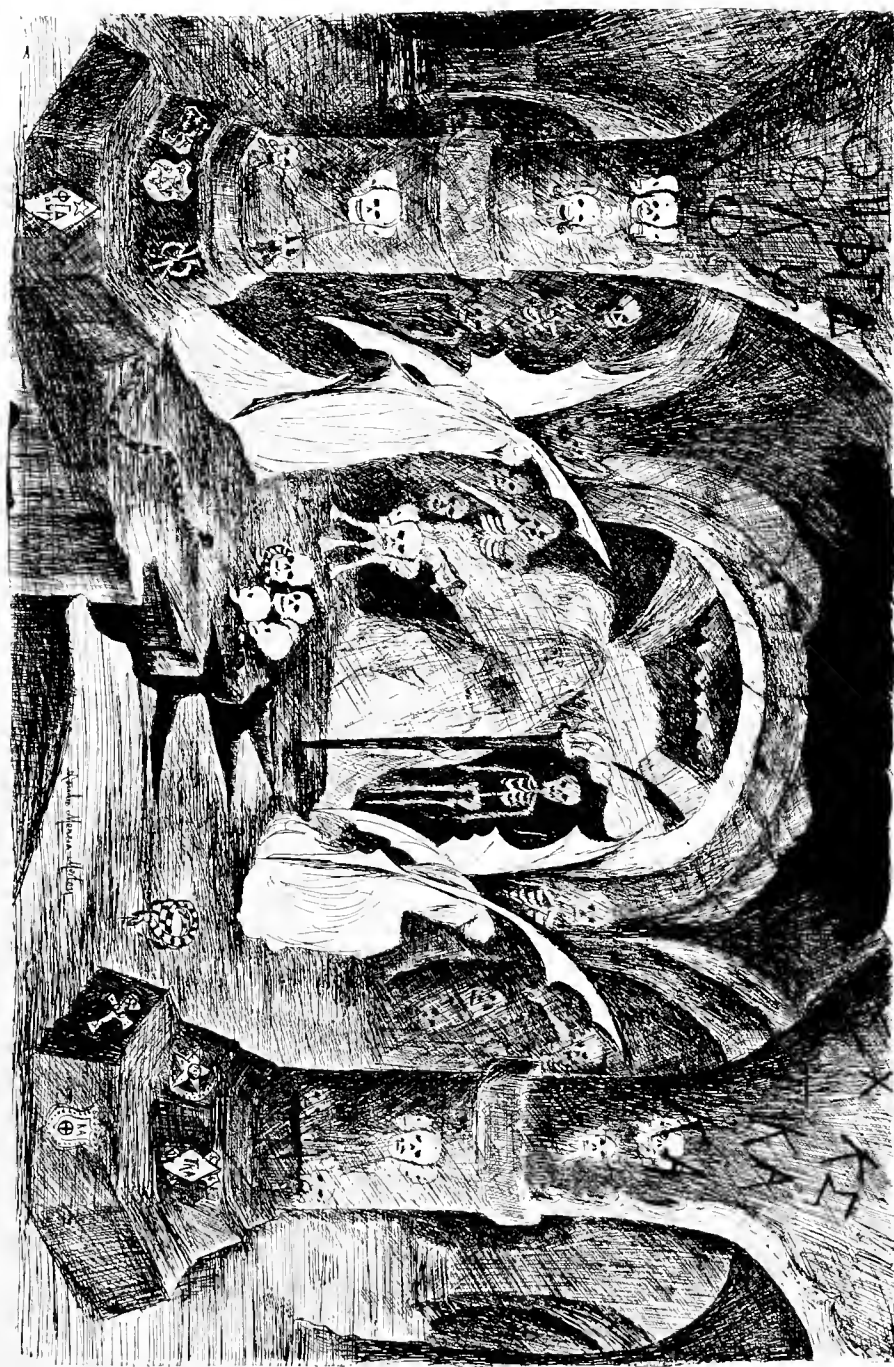


### **Weariness.**

**Mist-wreathed in cerements  
Ghost-like and eerie,  
Wind-swept through pinelands dense,  
Darkling the day goes hence,  
Leaving me weary.**

**Dusk-winged o'er life's rose-tide,  
Night cometh dreary;  
Love's golden light hath died,  
She is gone from my side,  
Leaving me weary.**





# BETA THETA PI.

Established at Miami University in 1839.

## COLORS.

Pink and Blue.

## ZETA CHAPTER.

Established 1819.

## FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

RICHARD MCILWAINE, D. D., President,

WALTER BLAIR, A. M., D. L., Emeritus,

R. H. MCILWAINE, PH. D.

## FRATER IN URBE.

W. M. HOLLADAY, M. D.

## FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

JAMES WILLIAM HANDY PILSON, '00,

FRANCIS WILBUR BRIDGES, '00,

SAMUEL COLLINS BRADLEY, '00,

PEYTON COCHRAN, '01,

ROBERT EVELYN HENRY, '01,

RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS, '02,

EDWARD HERRMAN COHN, '02,

ROBERT SPOTTS GRAHAM, '02,

STEWART LEIGH MAGEE, '02,

JOSEPH CALVIN PANCAKE, '02,

LEMUEL ROY JONES, '03.

Sixtieth Annual Convention was held at Niagara Falls, July 28th to August 1st.

Delegates, J. W. H. PILSON AND PEYTON COCHRAN.





Bradley



Bridges



Pelsén



Cochran

# BO II



Pancake



Henry



Cohn



Burroughs



Graham



Magie



Jones

# PHI KAPPA PSI.

Founded at Jefferson College, 1852.

## COLORS.

Pink and Lavender.

## FLOWERS.

Laurel and Ivy.

# VIRGINIA GAMMA CHAPTER.

Established 1856.

## FRATER IN FACULTATE.

JAMES RIDDLE THORNTON, A. M., '71.

## FRATER IN URBE.

REV. JAMES MURRAY, D. D., Virginia, A., '55.

## FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

WARREN BRUCE BUFORD,  
JEDDY LEE DAVIS,  
ARCHER PILLEGAR JOHNSON,  
JAMES CURTIS PARSONS,

HENRY STRAUGHAN STOKES,  
CHARLES IRVIN WADE,  
EDWARD POWELL NICHOLSON,  
ROBERT SHEFFEY PRESTON.

Grand Arch Council held at Columbus, April 18th, 1900.  
Delegate, W. B. BUFORD.



## CHI PHI.

Founded at Princeton In 1824.

### COLORS.

Scarlet and Blue.

## EPSILON CHAPTER.

Established In 1867.

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

LOUIS SPENCER EPES,	GEORGE DOUGLASS MOORE,
THOMAS DUPUY GILLIAM,	LONDON LESLIE DAVIS,
JAMES DENHAM PASCO,	GEORGE BLANTON ALLEN,
SAMUEL MILLER ZEA,	DENNIS HAMILTON WILCOX,
PIERRE BERNARD HILL,	THOMAS WATKINS,
JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING,	ARTHUR PRESTON HUTTON,
RICHARD ADDISON GILLIAM.	

### FRATER IN URBE.

EDGAR WIRT VENABLE.

Annual Congress held in New York City, December 1st and 2d, 1890.

E. W. VENABLE, Delegate.



Gilliam, R. A.	Gilliam, T. D.	Watkins.	Zea	Pasco.	Hutton.
Irving.	Hill.	Moore.	Venable.	Davis.	Epes.
	Allen.	Wilcox.			

# PHI GAMMA DELTA.

Founded at Washington and Jefferson in 1848.

COLOR.

Royal Purple.

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## DELTA DEUTERON CHAPTER.

Established, 1870.

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

THOMAS SANFORD HART,

WILBUR COSBY BELL,

HENRY OWEN EASLEY,

THOMAS OWEN EASLEY, JR.,

PAUL VALÉRE PORTNER,

J. E. B. HOLLADAY,

LEWIS DUPUY JOHNSON.

### IN URBE.

MONROE D. MORTON,

EDWARD S. DUPUY.

---

Active Chapters, Forty-Eight.

Alumni Chapters, Sixteen.

Fifty-Second Ekklesia to be Held at Niagara Falls, July 28th, 1900.



## SIGMA CHI.

Founded at Miami University in 1855.

## SIGMA SIGMA CHAPTER.

Established, 1872.

COLORS.

Blue and Gold.

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "Quarterly."

SECRET ORGAN: "Bulletin."

## FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

EDWARD BEVERLY HERNDON, JR.,

THOMAS REESE ENGLISH, JR.,

JAMES HENRY RUDY.

Active Chapters, Fifty.

Alumni Chapters, Ten.

Grand Convention Held in Philadelphia, September, 1899.





English.

Herndon.

Rudy.

# UPSILON OF KAPPA SIGMA.

Founded, 1865. Established, 1883.

## COLORS.

Old Gold, Maroon and Peacock Blue.

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "Caduceus."

SECRET ORGAN: "Star and Crescent."

## FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

EDWARD HENDERSON RICHARDSON,

LAVILLON DUPUY COLE,

ALFRED SHORTER CALDWELL, JR.,

SAMUEL EDMOND OSBORNE,

WILLIAM MAUZEY KEMPER.

JAMES I. PRITCHETT,

THOMAS J. PAYNE,

RICHARD H. PRITCHETT,

LANGHORNE REID,

RICHARD C. STOKES.

Active Chapters, Fifty-Two.

Alumni Chapters, Ten.

Thirteenth Biennial Grand Conclave Held on December, 28th, 29th and 30th,  
at Chattanooga, Tennessee.



Payne.	Reid	Pritchett, J. I.	Kemper	Richardson.	Pritchett, R. H.	Stokes.
Caldwell.	Miss Scott.	Osborne.		Miss McKinney.		Cole.

# PI KAPPA ALPHA.

Founded at the University of Virginia, 1868.

## COLORS.

Garnet and Old Gold.

## IOTA CHAPTER.

Established, 1885.

## FRATER IN FACULTATE.

J. W. BASORE, Ph. D.

## FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

FRANKLIN DAVIS,

THOMAS WILLIAMSON HOOPER,

THOMAS NATHANIEL JONES,

WILLIAM ELLIOTT JONES,

ALEXANDER MARTIN,

HUGH MOFFIT McALLISTER,

WILLIAM READ MARTIN.

Grand Convention held at Knoxville, Tenn., June 20th to 24th, 1899.

Delegates, W. B. LORRAINE AND T. N. JONES.



Martin, W. R.      Jones, T. N.      Martin, A.      McAllister.  
                  Jones, W. E.      Hooper.      Davis.

# KAPPA ALPHA.

(SOUTHERN ORDER.)

Founded at Washington College in December, 1865.

## COLORS.

Crimson and Gold.

## OFFICIAL ORGAN.

Kappa Alpha Journal.

# ALPHA TAU CHAPTER.

## MEMBERS.

HENRY BOWDEN,

TOM PEETE CROSS,

WILLIAM C. WATCHOPE,

HARDY CROSS.

## ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Forty.

## ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Sixteen.



Wauchope.

Cross, H.  
Bowden.

Cross, T. P.



## Ye Christmas Symphony.

Eyes of blue--the whited trees,  
 Ringing hoof and sparks of light,  
 Snow-flecked wraps and stinging breeze,  
 And the glorious Southern night,  
 Pouting lips that bid us try  
 What her cooler words deny—  
 Hear the wise man's stern reply,  
 "This is also vanity."

Eyes of brown--the tunes begin,  
 Sob and plead and are no more,  
 And the flying waltzers spin  
 Up and down the reeling floor,  
 Madness, wine, and melody,  
 Love and faith were ne'er so high—  
 Listen ere the flowers die—  
 "This is also vanity."

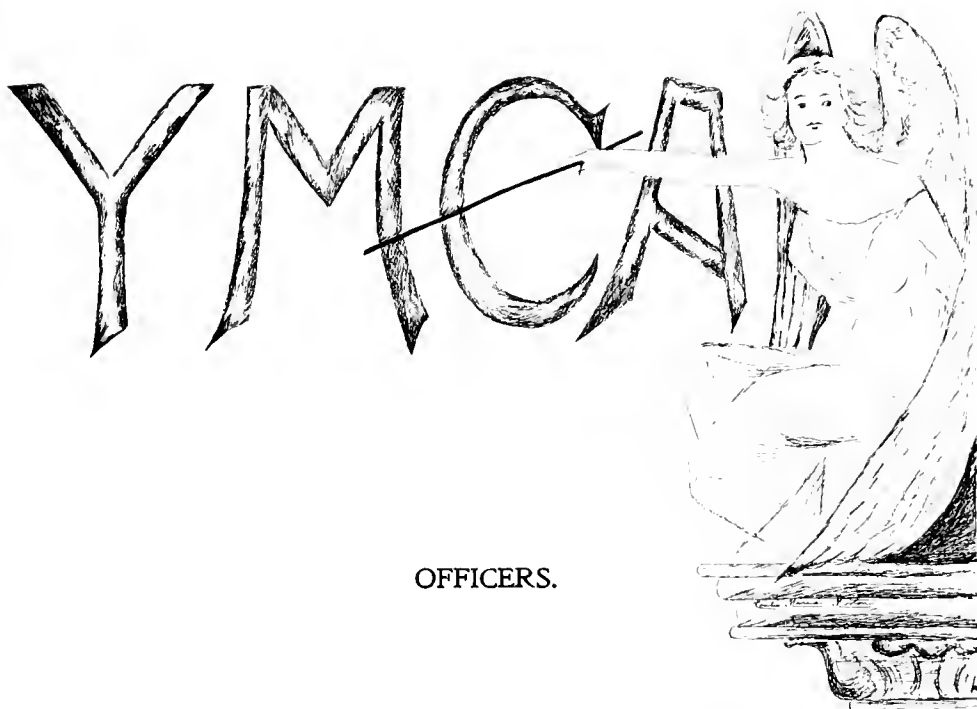
Eyes of black—a long farewell,  
 Trembling lip and blinding tears,  
 Clangor of the sharp-tongued bell,  
 Whispered vows to calm her fears—  
 "Once and once again good-bye,  
 Death shall change as soon as I;"  
 Love at least can never die  
 "This is also vanity."

Eyes of black and brown and blue,  
 We must aim but some must miss  
 And the end is not with you,  
 Lips that curse and lips that kiss—  
 Side by side the roses lie  
 Over all the careless sky;  
 Not in vain the wise men sigh  
 "This is also vanity."





CLUBS.

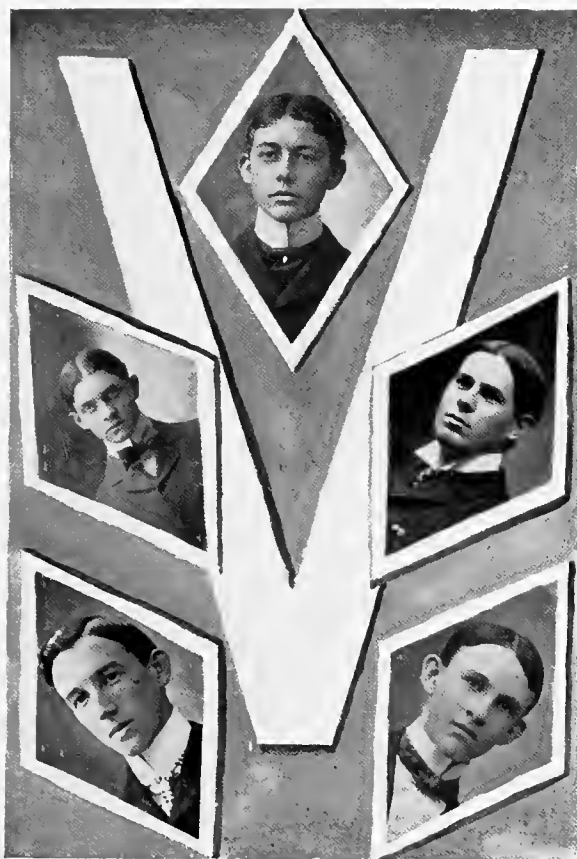


## OFFICERS.

FRANCIS A. BROWN,	<i>President.</i>
P. BERNARD HILL,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
E. H. RICHARDSON,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
J. M. KELLY,	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
R. C. FUGATE,	<i>Recording Secretary.</i>
H. M. ROBERTS,	<i>Manager of Reading Room.</i>

## CHAIRMEN STANDING COMMITTEES.

H. H. MUNROE, Religious Meetings.	P. B. HILL, Bible Study.
E. H. RICHARDSON, Finance.	
F. M. EVERSOLE, Missionary.	W. C. WAUCHOPE, Music.



Pilson.  
Richardson.

Jones, T. N.

Payne.  
Cole.

# THETA NU EPSILON.

Founded at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1870.

## MEMBERS.

LAVILLON DUPUY COLE,

WILBUR COSBY BELL,

THOMAS NATHANIEL JONES,

THOMAS SANFORD HART,

ALEXANDER MACON MARTIN,

WILLIAM MAUZY KEMPER.

## GOATS.

+ — O W ? ? X ■ Z Z M L X — — — N.

A E % ; X W \* ? ? M Y R !

# R. H. O. C. T.

## MEMBERS.

T. S. HART,

T. N. JONES,

J. S. KUYKENDALL,

A. S. CALDWELL,

L. D. COLE,

P. V. PORTNER,

T. W. HOOPER, JR.,

J. D. PASCO,

A. P. JOHNSON,

T. D. GILLIAM,

J. C. PARSONS,

C. I. WADE, JR.,

W. M. KEMPER,

J. L. DAVIS,

R. H. PRITCHETT,

H. S. STOKES,

W. B. BUFORD,

W. C. BELL.

# HAMPDEN-SIDNEY

## MEMBERS.

WILLIAM M. KEMPER,

THOMAS R. ENGLISH, JR.,

LOUIS S. EPES,

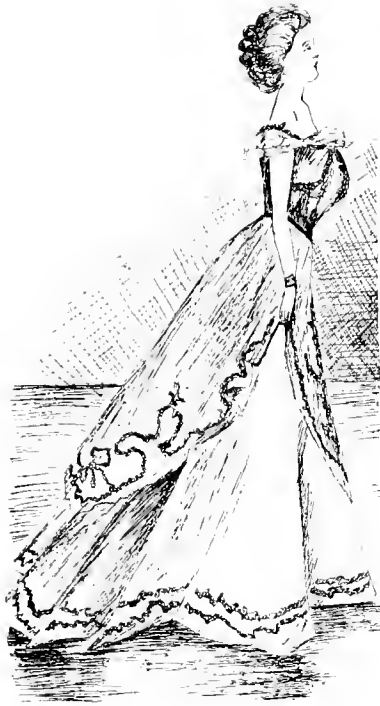
W. ELLIOTT JONES,

S. E. OSBOURNE,

PEYTON COCHRAN,

G. D. MOORE,

R. E. HENRY,



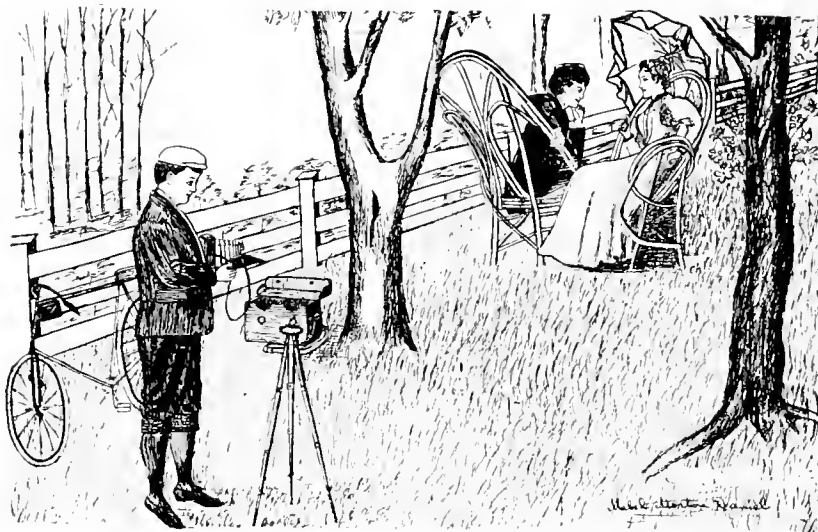
## Tabb's Tavern.

### Officers.

J. H. C. WINSTON, . . . . . *President.*  
J. W. BASORE, . . . . . *Vice-President.*

### Members.

H. S. STOKES,	S. C. BRADLEY,
P. V. PORTNER,	R. H. BURROUGHS,
D. H. WILCON,	E. H. COHN,
T. WATKINS,	P. HUTTON,
C. F. ROBESON.	



## Camera Club.

MOTTO : " In pictures does our soul delight,  
For there alone is second sight."

COLORS : Sky Blue, Rose and Green.

### Officers.

F. W. BRIDGES,	<i>President.</i>
R. A. MOORE,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
E. P. NICHOLSON,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>

### Members.

J. W. H. PILSON,	E. P. NICHOLSON,
G. S. HARNSBERGER,	W. C. BELL,
F. W. BRIDGES,	E. B. HERNDON, JR.,
A. P. JOHNSON,	J. E. TRIPLETT, JR.,
R. S. PHIFER,	R. A. MOORE,
L. R. JONES,	J. H. RUDY,
G. B. ALLEN.	





## Calico Club.

MOTTO: "Girls are like everything else in the world—the more you study them, the less you know."

COLORS: Dusky Twilight and Gray Dawn.

### Chorus.

Calico, Calico, Calico,  
Galigo, Galigo, Galigo,  
2-C Gal-i-go,  
Calic! Calic! Calico!

### Officers.

J. D. PASCO,	President.
E. B. HERNDON, JR.,	Vice-President.
S. E. OSBOURNE,	Misogynist.
L. S. EPES,	Indiscriminate Lover.

### Members.

W. W. BONDURANT,	L. S. EPES,	F. W. BRIDGES,
E. H. RICHARDSON,	J. W. H. PILSON,	G. B. ALLEN,
S. E. OSBOURNE,	R. H. PRITCHETT,	J. H. RUDY,
J. C. PARSONS,	P. V. PORTNER,	T. N. JONES,
W. B. BUFORD,	W. C. BELL,	A. S. CALDWELL, JR.,
J. E. B. HOLLADAY,	T. R. ENGLISH, JR.,	G. G. JUNKIN,
H. S. STOKES,	L. R. JONES,	R. C. STOKES,
W. E. JONES,	E. B. HERNDON, JR.,	J. C. PANCAKE,
T. W. HOOPER, JR.,	T. J. PAYNE,	W. M. KEMPER,
R. A. GILLIAM,	H. P. JONES,	F. DAVIS,
H. M. McALLISTER,	P. COCHRAN,	J. D. PASCO,
E. W. VENABLE,	T. H. WILCON,	T. O. EASLEY,
R. S. PHIFER,	T. WATKINS,	A. M. MARTIN,
J. I. PRITCHETT,		



## Augusta Club.

**Yell.**

Hoop la rip !  
 Hoop la zee !  
 Club of Augusta !  
 H. S. C !

### **Officers.**

P. COCHRAN,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
W. W. BRAND,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
W. C. BELL,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>

### **Members.**

J. W. H. PILSON,	
W. C. BELL,	R. E. FULTZ,
P. COCHRAN,	H. B. MOORE,
W. W. BRAND,	G. S. FULTZ.



MOTTO : Montani semper liberi.

COLORS : Gold and Blue.

#### Yell.

Hi ! Hi ! Hi !

Montani !

West Virginia !

Semper liberi !

#### Active Members.

S. E. OSBOURNE, . . . . .	<i>President.</i>
J. E. TRIPLETT, JR., . . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
J. S. KUYKENDALL, . . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
G. D. MOORE, . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

J. C. PANCAKE,

J. A. SYDENSTRICKER.



## Venable's Inn.

MOTTO: "The proof of the pudding is the eating."

### Knights of the Round Table.

"SPIDER" AVERILL: Semper paratus.

"BILL" BONDURANT: Dieit latine.

"BRER" BOWEN: Olla podrida.

"PICK" BRIDGES: Ne pour la digestion.

"PATE" COCHRAN: O fortunatus juvenus!

"LITTLE-HINKS" EASLEY: Ab incunabulis.

"JACK" HERNDON: Accusare nemo se debet.

"BILL" PILSON: Bon vivant.

"SIDE" SYDENSTRICKER: D'église.

"COLONEL" ALLEN: Poco bara, poco verguenza

"BLOAT" NICHOLSON: Minimus natu.

"P. F." HOY: Mirabile visu.

"CAP" RUDY: Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

# Reynold's Ranch.

MOTTO: Dum Vivimus, Edamus.



Yell.

Rah, Rah, Rah !  
Rip, Rah, Ree !  
Reynold's Ranch, Reynold's Ranch !  
H. S. C.

## Members.

T. R. ENGLISH, JR., . . . . .	. Aequo animo.
A. P. JOHNSON, . . . . .	. " Brogues."
J. C. PARSONS, . . . . .	. " Cuty."
T. N. JONES, . . . . .	. "I've got a 'gagement.
J. L. DAVIS, . . . . .	. Inscrutable his ways,
L. D. COLE, . . . . .	. The Misogynist.
C. I. WADE, JR., . . . . .	. " Chas."
R. H. PRITCHETT, . . . . .	. Hælluo librorum.
C. C. CAMPBELL, . . . . .	. In need of salt.
J. I. PRITCHETT, JR., . . . . .	. Also Hælluo librorum.
L. R. JONES, . . . . .	. Catesby's brother.
T. W. HOOPER, JR., . . . . .	. The Syncopated.



## Lacy House.

MOTTO : Chacun á son goût.

W. M. KEMPER, . . . . .	“Wright” Faithful Lover.
J. E. B. HOLLADAY, . . . . .	Unduly Hyperbolic.
G. G. JUNKIN, . . . . .	Abettor of the Exeruciatingly Musical One.
M. RAINE, . . . . .	A Man of God.
L. S. EPES, . . . . .	Of Tautological Verbosity.
R. S. PHIFER, . . . . .	Exeruciatingly Musical.
W. B. BUFORD, . . . . .	Varied in Accomplishments.
T. J. PAYNE, . . . . .	Barbarously Jocular.
W. C. BELL, . . . . .	Perpetrator of Poems.
A. S. CALDWELL, . . . . .	Notoriously in Evidence.
LANGHORNE REID, . . . . .	A Vegetarian by Neecessity.
A. H. CLARKE, . . . . .	Purveyor of Silenees
S. ZEA, . . . . .	Consistently Self-assertive
W. S. LEE, . . . . .	More Consistently Self-Assertive.
H. HAWKES, . . . . .	Gastronomie Wonder.
L. L. DAVIS, . . . . .	Indefinitely Extended.
F. DAVIS, . . . . .	Untiring Controversialist.
W. W. BRAND, . . . . .	Of Incomparable Rotundity.



## Carrington Club.

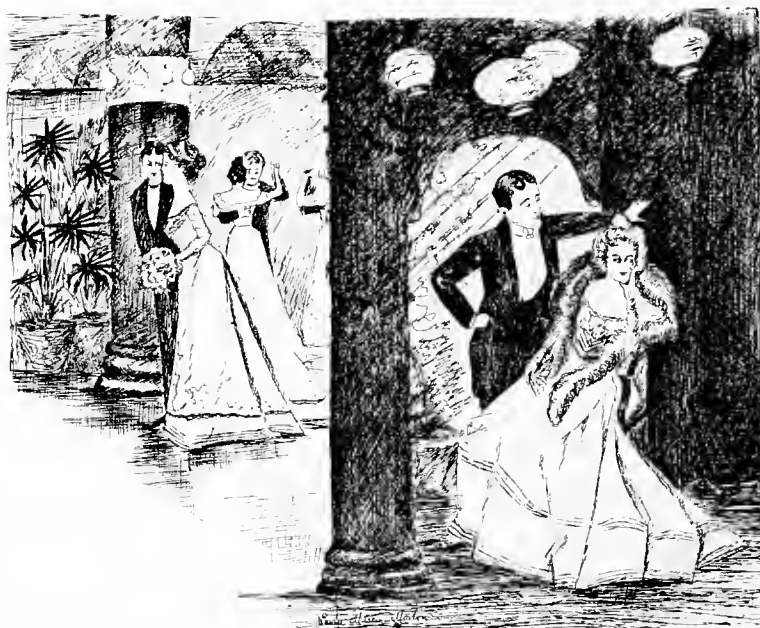
MOTTO : " Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera."

### Officers.

PROFESSOR J. H. C. BAGBY.	President.
J. S. KUYKENDALL.	Vice President.
J. D. PASCO,	Secretary and Treasurer.

### Members.

G. D. MOORE,	J. C. PANCAKE,	R. C. WILKINSON,
S. E. OSBOURNE,	W. M. ENGLAND,	G. S. HARNESBERGER,
E. H. RICHARDSON,	W. A. McALLISTER,	H. P. JONES,
R. A. GILLIAM,	R. S. PRESTON,	R. S. GRAHAM,
R. C. STOKES,	S. L. MAGEE,	R. E. HENRY.
H. M. McALLISTER,	J. E. LOWERY,	



## Cotillion Club.

### Officers.

W. M. KEMPER,	President
A. P. JOHNSON,	Vice-President.
J. D. PASCO,	Secretary and Treasurer.
L. D. COLE,	Chairman of Arrangement Committee.
T. N. JONES,	Leader.

### Members.

L. L. DAVIS,	T. J. PAYNE,	G. G. JUNKIN,
R. A. GILLIAM,	E. W. VENABLE,	W. C. BELL,
J. W. H. PILSON,	T. P. CROSS,	W. W. BONDURANT,
PEYTON COCHRAN,	R. E. HENRY,	H. P. JONES,
J. S. KUYKENDALL,	F. W. BRIDGES,	R. H. PRITCHETT,
L. R. JONES,	J. I. PRITCHETT, JR.,	R. S. PHIFER,
H. S. STOKES,	H. BOWDEN,	R. BURROUGHS,
E. B. HERNDON, JR.,	J. H. RUDY,	A. P. HUTTON,
H. M. ROBERTS,	J. E. B. HOLLADAY,	T. O. EASLEY,
E. H. RICHARDSON,	B. C. AVERILL,	S. L. MAGEE,
G. B. ALLEN,	H. M. McALLISTER,	S. C. BRADLEY,





## The Golfers.

### Officers.

T. R. ENGLISH, JR., . . . . . *President.*  
 A. P. JOHNSON, . . . . . *Vice-President.*  
 L. S. EPES, . . . . . *Secretary.*  
 A. S. CALDWELL, JR., . . . . . *Treasurer.*



### Members.

L. D. COLE,	E. B. HERNDON, JR.,
A. P. JOHNSON,	T. R. ENGLISH, JR.,
R. H. PRITCHETT,	E. P. NICHOLSON,
H. M. McALLISTER,	W. B. BUFORD,
T. W. HOOPER, JR.,	L. S. EPES,
J. H. RUDY,	G. B. ALLEN,
B. C. AVERILL,	E. H. COHN,
A. S. CALDWELL,	R. BURROUGHS,
A. M. MARTIN,	W. C. WAUCHOPE,
S. C. BRADLEY,	R. C. STOKES,
F. W. BRIDGES,	J. H. WOLVERTON,
T. J. PAYNE,	T. P. CROSS.
J. C. PARSONS,	J. E. LOWERY,
P. V. PORTNER,	L. JOHNSTON,
R. H. WEBB,	R. A. GILLIAM,
H. BOWDEN,	S. L. MAGEE,
J. E. B. HOLLADAY,	R. S. PHIFER.



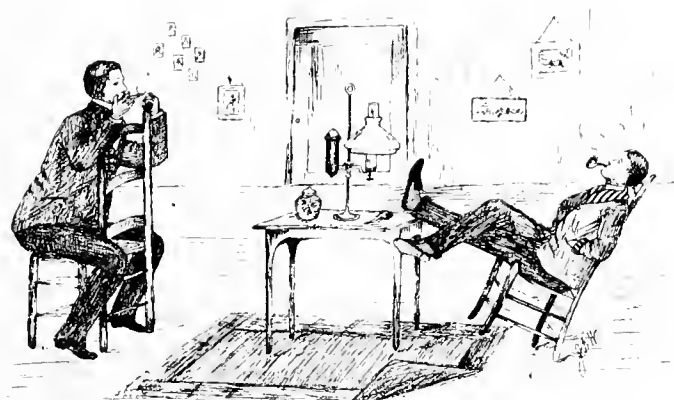
Organized in September, 1899, for Duck Hunting.

### Officers.

A. M. MARTIN, . . . . . *President.*  
T. O. EASLEY, . . . . . *Chief Gunner.*  
R. C. STOKES, . . . . . *Vice-President.*

### Members.

L. S. EPES,	E. P. NICHOLSON,
E. H. COHN,	A. P. JOHNSON,
C. C. CAMPBELL,	A. M. MARTIN,
J. I. PRITCHETT, JR.,	W. S. LEE,
T. O. EASLEY,	L. D. COLE,
R. H. PRITCHETT,	R. BURROUGHS,
H. M. ROBERTS,	R. C. STOKES,
W. E. JONES,	R. H. JOHNSON,
J. E. B. HOLLADAY,	R. A. MOORE.



## The Smokers.

MOTTO: In wreaths of smoke, we let our fancies wander.

COLORS: Amber and Smoke-Blue.

### Members.

J. K. IRVING,	<i>The Great Pipist.</i>
W. C. BELL,	<i>Secker After Meerschaums.</i>
E. B. HERNDON, JR.,	<i>The Cigarette Roller.</i>
R. C. STOKES,	<i>The Occasional Smoker.</i>

### Honorary Members.

A. P. JOHNSON,	P. V. PORTNER,
R. H. JOHNSON,	H. BOWDEN,
G. G. JUNKIN,	A. M. MARTIN,
T. P. CROSS,	S. C. BRADLEY,
J. S. KUYKENDALL,	L. REID,
R. C. WILKINSON,	R. A. GILLIAM,
A. P. HUTTON,	L. L. DAVIS.



## First Passage Club.

Yell.

Rah, Rah, First!

Rah, Rah, Passage!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, First Passage.

MOTTO: Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him bump.

COLORS: Black and Blue.

### Inhabitants.

W. C. BELL,

C. C. CAMPBELL,

R. S. GRAHAM,

G. F. BELL,

R. S. PRESTON,

J. W. H. PILSON,

J. C. PANCAKE,

F. W. BRIDGES,

E. H. HOY.

A. S. CALDWELL,

R. E. HENRY,

H. M. ROBERTS,

W. B. BUFORD.

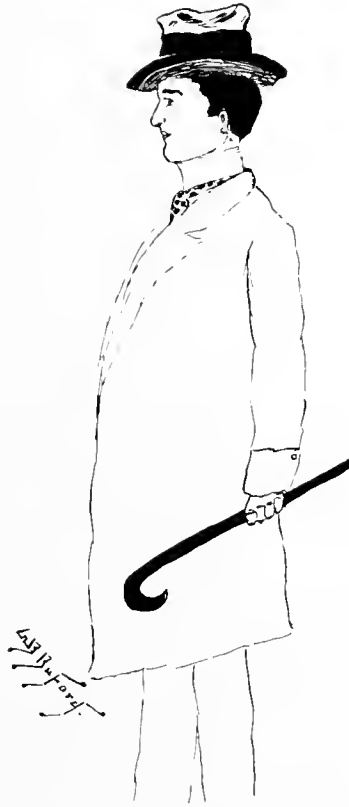
P. COCHRAN

J. E. LOWERY.

B. C. AVERILL,

L. R. JONES,

J. A. CHRISTIAN.



## Fourth Passage Club.

Eat 'em up !  
 Do 'em up !  
 Chew 'em up fine !  
 Fourth Passage ! Fourth Passage !  
 " Nit " resign.

FLOWER : Nocturnal Cereus.

### Members.

W. E. JONES,	L. S. EPES,	G. G. JUNKIN,
F. DAVIS,	A. P. HUTTON,	T. W. HOOPER, JR.,
L. L. DAVIS,	W. S. LEE,	MICHAUX RAINE,
P. B. HILL,	S. THOMAS,	
R. A. GILLIAM,	E. B. HERNDON, JR.,	
G. D. MOORE,	T. R. ENGLISH, JR.,	W. M. ENGLAND,
J. S. KUYKENDALL,	W. W. BONDURANT,	W. W. BRAND.

# Lawyer's Club.

MOTTO: "What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate.

## Officers.

E. B. HERNDON, JR., . *President.*

T. N. JONES, . . . . *Vice-President*

A. P. HUTTON, . *Secretary.*

P. COCHRAN, . . . *Treasurer.*

## Members.

J. S. KUYKENDALL,

E. B. HERNDON, JR.,

W. R. MARTIN,

H. P. JONES,

P. COCHRAN,

J. E. B. HOLLADAY,

A. P. JOHNSON,

G. D. MOORE,

G. S. HARNESBERGER,

H. BOWDEN,

G. B. ALLEN,

T. N. JONES,

H. M. ROBERTS,

J. E. LOWERY,

R. A. GILLIAM,

A. P. HUTTON,

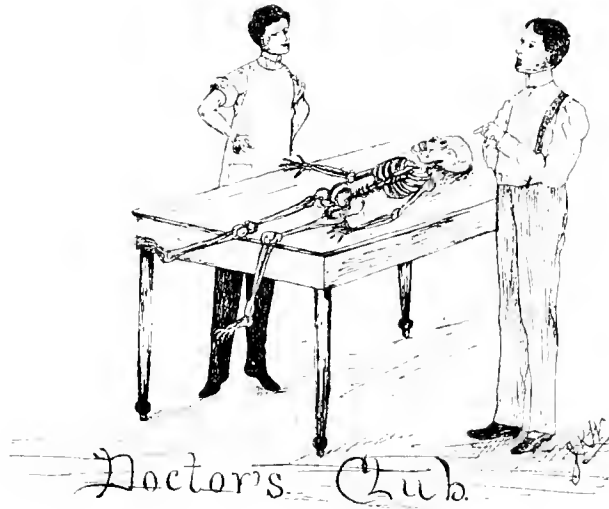
L. L. DAVIS,

J. W. H. PILSON,

R. E. HENRY,

R. S. PHIFER,

L. S. EPES.



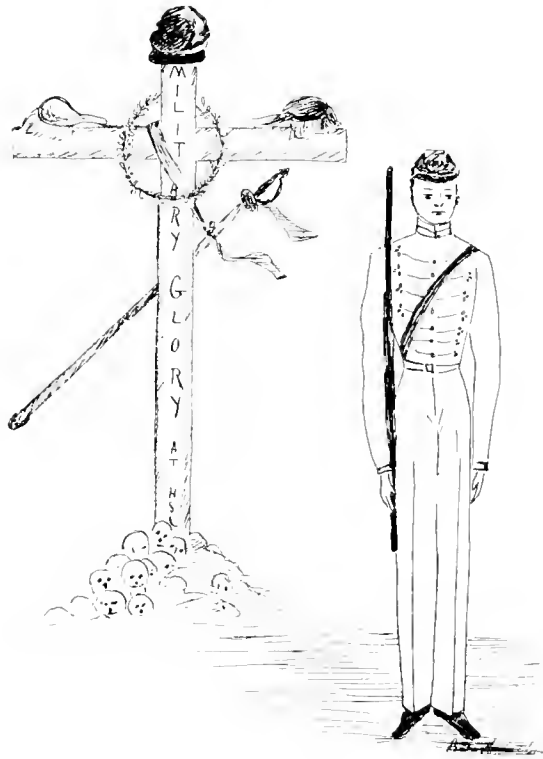
MOTTO : " De mortuis nil nisi bonum. "

### Officers.

J. H. RUDY,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
J. D. PASCO,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
H. S. STOKES,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
T. J. PAYNE,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

### Members.

R. H. PRITCHETT,	
R. C. STOKES,	
J. D. PASCO,	
E. H. RICHARDSON,	
T. O. EASLEY,	
W. C. BELL,	
H. S. STOKES,	
T. J. PAYNE,	
J. H. RUDY,	
G. G. JUNKIN.	



## Hoge Academy Club.

Yell.

Rah, Rah, Rah !  
 Rah, Rah, Rah !  
 Rah, Rah, Rah !—Hoge !

### Officers.

L. S. EPES,	President.
H. HAWKES,	Vice-President.
L. L. DAVIS,	Secretary.

### Members.

L. L. DAVIS,	G. S. HARNESBERGER,	R. C. STOKES,	S. M. ZEA,
W. S. LEE,	L. S. EPES,	S. MAGEE,	
F. S. ANDERSON,	H. HAWKES,		





## **Ye Wine Bibbers.**

(Secret.)

Founded by Noah, 2318 B. C.

MOTTO: "Drink and be Merry."

### **Officers and Members.**

[*Sub Rosa.*]

#### **Tutclary Deities.**

PAUL JONES and I. W. HARPER.

#### **Chorus.**

Stand to your glasses steady,

This world 's a world of lies;

Here 's a health to the dead already,

And here 's to the next who dies.



EDWARD H. RICHARDSON, . . . . . *Manager.*

## “The Heroic Dutchman.”

IN FIVE ACTS.

### Cast of Characters.

Colonel Brown, . . . . .	W. W. BONDURANT
Mayor Jones, . . . . .	H. M. ROBERTS
Harry Walters, . . . . .	E. H. RICHARDSON
Captain Lyle, . . . . .	J. D. PASCO
Fred, The Heroic Dutchman, . . . . .	J. E. LOWERY
Uncle Sam, . . . . .	T. J. PAYNE
Tommy Atkins, . . . . .	W. BRUCE BUFORD
Sentinel, . . . . .	T. N. JONES
May Brown, . . . . .	R. C. STOKES
Kate Brown, . . . . .	J. S. KUYKENDALL
Bridget, . . . . .	ALLEN

Soldiers, Venders, Cannon, Barmaids, Etc.



Richardson,	Bondurant.	Roberts.	Pasco.	Jones.	Lowery.
Manager.		Allen.	Buford.	Osborne,	
		Payne.	Kuykendall.	Stokes.	



### Officers.

ROBERT S. PHIFER, JR.,	President,
THOMAS W. HOOPER, JR.,	Secretary and Treasurer,
WILLIAM M. KEMPER,	Manager.

### Violin.

ROBERT S. PHIFER, JR., Leader.

#### First Mandolins.

JAMES H. RUDY,  
P. BERNARD HILL,

#### Second Mandolins.

PAUL V. PORTNER,  
J. CALVIN PANCAKE.

### Guitars.

GEORGE G. JUNKIN,  
ARCHER P. JOHNSON,

ROBERT E. HENRY,  
G. BLANTON ALLEN.

### Violoncello.

THOMAS W. HOOPER, JR.

### Quartette.

T. W. HOOPER, JR.,  
A. P. HUTTON,

E. W. VENABLE,  
H. M. ROBERTS.



Hooper.

Allen.

Rudy.

Johnson.

Phifer.

Junkin.

Pancake.

Kemper.



### A Football Toast.

To the stroke of the corded muscle	Backward and forward we struggle
And the grip of the clinging hands,	Under the reeling sky,
To the frenzied roar on the bleachers,	Silent amid the thousands
Where the crowded rooters stand;	That lift their long drawn cry:
To the shock of the closing struggle,	Backward and forward and backward,
To the groans of those who fall,	Grim as the ancient kings,
Drink—ye that have learned the glory	When they fought for the Pride of Empire
And the splendor of it all,	Under the Eagle's wings.

Certain and sure the signals,  
 (Graven in stone each face)  
 Telling off the formation,  
 Every man in his place,—  
 Crashing over the tackles,  
 Into the line that bends,  
 Bide we our time in patience  
 To go where the signal sends.

Low in the line we are waiting	To the punt and the ends that race it
In a stillness deep as death,	While seconds mark the time,
For a silence falls on the watchers,	To the thrill as the backs, long-leaping,
And the backs pray heaven for breath,—	Go plunging into the line,
"Three—twelve—sixteen—nineteen—	To the shock of the closing struggle,
Now, ere the time is done,"	To the groans of those that fall,
And the cry, that breaks from the side-lines,	Drink—ye that have learned the glory
Can tell how the game is won,	And the splendor of it all.



ATHLETICS.



## College Football Team.

J. S. KUYDENDALL (quarter-back),	<i>Captain.</i>
J. W. H. PILSON,	<i>Manager.</i>
H. SHANER,	<i>Coach.</i>

KEMPER, right guard,	DIXON, left guard,
OSBOURNE, right tackle,	BRAND left tackle,
GILLIAM, right end,	BRADLEY, left end,
GILLIAM, right half-back,	CALDWELL, left half-back,
COLE, full-back.	DAVIS, center.

### Substitutes.

HOOPER,	KELLEY,	FUGATE,	DAVIS.
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### Games of '99 Season.

October 21st, Bellevue,	0 . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney,	22
October 23d, St. Albans,	0 . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney,	11
October 28th, Richmond,	5 . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney,	17
October 30th, William and Mary,	0 . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney,	6
November 5th, Washington and Lee,	6 . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney,	5





OUR TEAM OF NINETY NINE.





Knykendall, Manager.

Lowery.

Fugate. Pancake. Hooper. Jones, T. N. Johnson.  
 Nicholson. Grahau. Moore. Buford. Pritchett, R. H.  
 Herndon, Captain.

# Gymnasium Team.

---

## Officers.

A. S. CALDWELL,	. . . . .	<i>Director.</i>
E. P. NICHOLSON	. . . . .	<i>Assistant.</i>

---

## Team.

A. S. CALDWELL,  
E. P. NICHOLSON,  
E. B. HERNDON,  
T. W. HOOPER,  
R. A. GILLIAM,  
J. M. KELLEY,  
J. A. SYDENSTRICKER,  
P. G. EDMUNDS,  
J. H. RUDY,  
R. S. PHIFER  
S. E. OSBOURNE,  
C. C. CAMPBELL,  
H. P. JONES,  
J. S. KUYKENDALL.



Campbell.	Rudy.	Phifer	Edmunds.	Sydenstricker.	Nicholson.	Hooper.
Caldwell.		Kelly.		Gilliam.	Herndon.	Kuykendall.



## The College Track Team.

W. M. KEMPER, . . . . . *Manager.*  
A. S. CALDWELL, . . . . . *Captain.*

### Team.

#### Runners.

A. S. CALDWELL,	R. A. GILLIAM,	W. M. KEMPER,
G. D. MOORE,	J. M. KELLEY,	R. C. FUGATE,
H. P. JONES,	H. W. HAWKES.	

#### Putting Hammer and Shot.

S. E. OSBOURNE,	R. A. GILLIAM,
H. W. HAWKES,	A. S. CALDWELL.

#### Jumping.

J. M. KELLEY,	R. C. FUGATE,
J. A. SYDENSTRICKER,	T. D. GILLIAM.

#### Bicycle Team.

E. P. NICHOLSON,	H. M. McALLISTER,
H. P. JONES,	J. L. DAVIS.



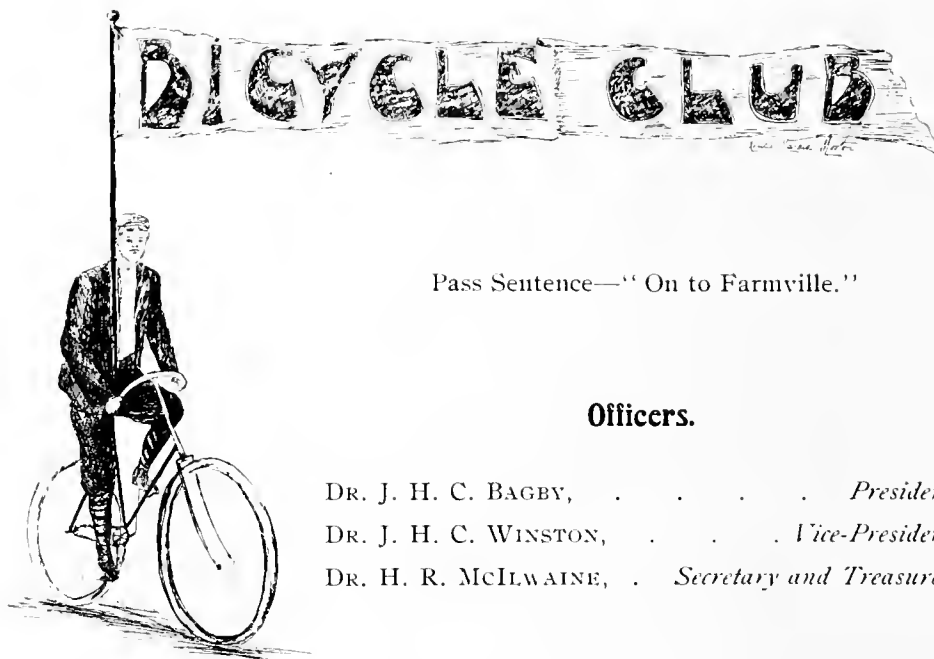
## Hampden-Sidney Tennis Association.

### Officers.

P. COCHRAN,	.	.	.	<i>President,</i>
R. A. GILLIAM,	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President,</i>
W. M. KEMPER,	.	.	.	<i>Secretary,</i>
F. M. EVERSOLE,	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer.</i>

### Members.

H. BOWDEN	W. M. KEMPER,
R. S. PRESTON,	F. M. EVERSOLE,
J. C. PANCAKE,	G. C. ROBESON,
J. W. H. PILSON,	J. M. KELLY,
P. COCHRAN,	R. C. FUGATE,
E. B. HERNDON, JR.,	S. C. BOWEN,
R. S. GRAHAM,	H. H. MONROE,
J. H. RUDY,	L. R. JONES,
R. H. PRITCHETT	A. P. HUTTON,
B. C. AVERILL,	W. E. JONES,
R. H. BURROUGHS,	R. A. GILLIAM,
T. W. HOOPER, JR.	



Pass Sentence—"On to Farmville."

### Officers.

DR. J. H. C. BAGBY, . . . . . *President.*  
 DR. J. H. C. WINSTON, . . . . . *Vice-President.*  
 DR. H. R. MCILWAINE, . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

### Members.

T. N. JONES,  
 E. B. HERNDON, JR.,  
 J. W. H. PILSON,  
 P. COCHRAN,  
 J. C. PARSONS,  
 R. C. STOKES,  
 A. M. MARTIN,  
 W. R. MARTIN,  
 S. R. PHILIPS,  
 H. CROSS,

F. W. BRIDGES,  
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 T. J. PAYNE,  
 M. RAINE,  
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 R. H. JOHNSON,  
 J. C. PANCAKE,  
 E. R. NICHOLSON,  
 A. P. JOHNSON,

J. E. TRIPLETT, JR.,  
 T. O. EASLEY,  
 J. K. IRVING,  
 H. M. MCALLISTER,  
 R. A. GILLIAM,  
 R. A. MOORE.





## 1900 Class Football Team.

### College Champions.

E. H. RICHARDSON,	Manager.
J. S. KUYKENDALL,	Captain.
PAYNE,	Center.
KELLY,	Right Tackle.
BRAND,	Left Tackle.
CALDWELL,	Right End.
BRADLEY,	Left End.
FUGATE,	Right Guard.
DIXON,	Left Guard.
HERNDON,	Right Half-Back.
HOOPER,	Left Half-Back.
EVERSOLE,	Full-Back.
KUYKENDALL,	Quarter-Back.

Substitute.  
JONES, T. N.



## 1900 Class Baseball Team.

RICHARDSON,	<i>Manager.</i>
CALDWELL,	<i>Assistant Manager.</i>
HERNDON,	<i>Captain.</i>

JONES,	Pitcher.
HERNDON,	Catcher.
PILSON,	First Base.
BUFORD,	Second Base.
MOORE,	Third Base.
HART,	Short Stop.
LOWERY,	Left Field.
HOOPER,	Center Field.
FUGATE,	Right Field.

### Substitutes.

PAYNE and BELL.



### Ballade of a Football Girl.

When o'er the bleachers floating high  
The rival colors are displayed,  
When faction-call and counter-cry  
Go rocking through the arched facade,  
When on the naked field arrayed  
The men of brawn and muscle whirl,  
'Tis then we make the brief ballade  
In honor of the football girl.

A knot of ribbons, many-ply,  
Floats from her dainty silken shade,  
And if a ribboned hose you spy  
With dainty needlework inlaid:  
The secret must not be betrayed—  
Out, out upon the graceless churl  
Who tells it—save in a ballade  
In honor of the football girl.

The faith that wins is in her eye,  
The faith that never fails to aid,  
And, when the runner flashes by,  
She wonders at the gain he made;  
In sooth 't was such another maid  
That saw the Argive sails unfurl,  
For life itself aside is laid  
In honor of the football girl.

#### L'ENVOI.

Her roses, they shall never fade,  
Her fame shall live while lives the world;  
Wherefore I make this brief ballade  
In honor of the football girl.

## **Carmen Amorum.**

You ask for a song that shall hasten  
The slow-winged hours away,  
A song that shall ring of the morning,  
Throwing open the portals of day,  
That shall waken old memories of laughter,  
Wine, music, and fast-flying feet,  
So hear you the song of your lovers,  
Ere the tale of their names is complete.

"Morituri salutamus," rang the Roman soldier's cry,  
"We salute you, Mighty Cæsar, we who are about to die,"  
So we bow to you, our mistress, ere the love-flame burn too low,  
We who long have left thy favor, we who are about to go.

In the darkness we were waiting and we hailed you from afar,  
As the sea-kings of the Northland hailed the coming of a star;  
Then we followed where you led us, or in shadow or in light,  
And the dread of the to-morrow never spoiled to-day's delight.

We were kings that dwelt in bondage, mixing madness, love and pain,  
But the sweetness of your presence gave us grace to wear our chain,  
And the world was not a phantom and the sky was really blue,  
And the planets in their places wheeled and thundered just for you.

We have trod the reeling waltzes out across the rocking floor,  
We have walked in silent places that we never knew before,  
But the liquid notes that floated on the perfumed air of June,  
Wander back in broken fragments with a heart-break in their tune.

We have gathered priceless treasures, handkerchiefs and fans and rings,  
And they stir us with the memory of half-forgotten things;  
For the voice of perfect cadence—questions faint and low replies—  
Grew half-choked and passion-burdened when we looked into your eyes.

We have ground our teeth in silence—but the agony is past—  
We've sworn softly many times—we knew it couldn't last—  
But still we'll wear your colors, the colors that you gave,  
Till we're past all hopes or caring in the silence of the grave.

Hear you the song of your lovers  
Those that are draped in the night,  
Those that are coming to-morrow,  
Those that are now in the light;  
Echoes of vanished laughter—  
Music of flying feet—  
But hear you the prayer of your lover,  
That he may the list complete.



LITERATURE.



## Editorial.

“WE, who are about to die, salute you.” Long ago, when Rome was still imperial Rome, the gladiators used to pass before the throne of Cæsar and, while the amphitheatre rang with plaudits, they would make this last adieu to the things of earth. So we, now that our labor is over, salute you once more as we give place to another KALEIDOSCOPE and another board of editors. We have obeyed the words of you who bade us evolve the annual, and now we deliver it into your hands praying only that you will deal with it gently. For in the months that are gone, as we have seen the book grow beneath our hands, as it has gradually materialized from the first vague idea, it has come to mean more for us than most books do. Even the mechanical labor of copying and proof-reading has not been without its compensating pleasure, and we “regain our freedom with a sigh,” whether of regret or of relief, it were hard to say.

But it is yourselves that you see mirrored herein, and we have done well only in so far as we have caught the flesh tints of the life about us and have transcribed them to the pages of THE KALEIDOSCOPE. It is very easy to write about the stars and very hard to write about the fireflies; we are usually willing to talk of anything in heaven or in earth rather than that which lies next door. So if some of the tints are rather vague, and if we have often gone astray, pardon us—for we did the best we could.

And to the initiated, who can read between the lines, it is all here—the many-sided life that we have lived. Perhaps to an outsider many of *THE KALEIDOSCOPE*'s pages seem colorless, but to us of "The College," every page is full of meaning and instinct with feeling, for every name is potentially capable of starting a train of recollections reaching far beyond our own conception. The voice of the "rooter" cheering the team on to victory, the scribe searching his experience for ideas, the orator in full blast, the poet with hands in hair and eyes turned skyward, your wit and your wit's opposite, the things you have thought and felt and dreamed—they are all here, and you who have known the originals will recognize the reproduction. And since, for your sins, it has been laid upon you that you must read this book, "read not to confute" but rather to discover what there is of good in *THE KALEIDOSCOPE*.

And you, the alumni of the College, whose feet are in lands far off, forget for a moment—if indeed you have ever learned it—the utter flatness and insipidity of all things made under heaven, and renew in memory those earlier days when "life seemed a thing to be lived, not spent" and the clamor of the days of trouble was yet for distant.

And now, here at the end, we should like to thank all of those heaven-sent beings, whose generous assistance and sympathetic interest has made the publication of this book possible. If any one doesn't believe in the goodness of human nature, let him attempt to get out an annual without constantly depending on the kindness of outsiders.

So for various valuable contributions we wish to thank Rev. Drs. T. W. Hooper and Richard McIlwaine, Messrs. E. Forman, James Alston Cabell, E. C. Caldwell, George H. Denny, Ph. D., and Hon. Kemp Plummer Battle. Whatever of artistic beauty *THE KALEIDOSCOPE* may possess is due largely to the work of Miss Loulie Marcia Morton, Miss Gertrude Whiting, Miss Jennie Tabb, Miss Myrtle Daniel, Miss Mabel Daniel, Miss Ethel Winterspoon, Miss Janie Watkins, and Messrs H. R. Houston and George Fitzgerald. Miss Elizabeth Harmon was also kind enough to aid us very materially with regard to the Art Department. The literary portion of the book is very much indebted to Miss Mary Stokes, Miss Mary Antoinette Johns, and Mr. H. Irving Brock.

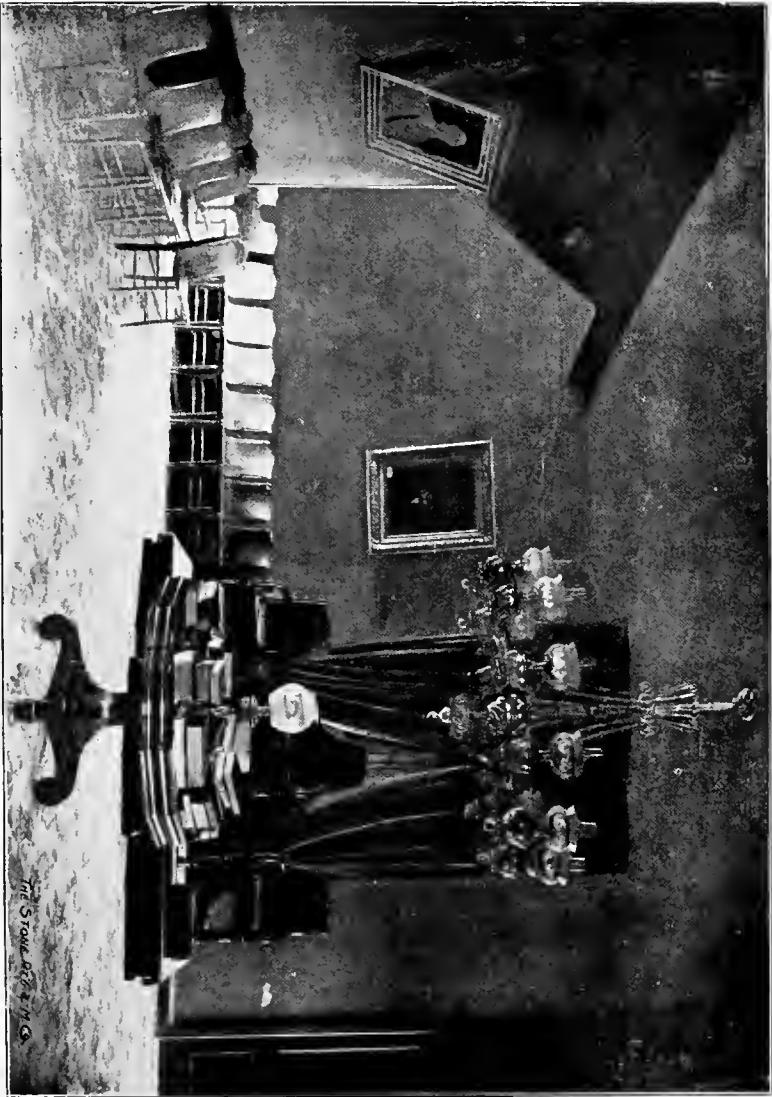
# Union Society.

Founded in 1789.

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PHIFER.	





UNION HALL.

THE STONE ARCH & CO.

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The Stone Picture.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL.



## Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

Published Monthly. Established, 1858.

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W. BRUCE BUFORD,

W. CARRON FUGATE,

THOMAS J. PAYNE,

THOMAS W. HOOPER,

J. W. H. PILSON,

F. A. BROWN

EDWARD H. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.



Buford,  
Richardson, Business Manager.

Payne.

Brown.

Pilson,  
Bell, Editor in-Chief.

Hooper.

Fugate,  
Caldwell.



## Our Artists.

Manager of Art Department.

W. BRUCE BUFORD.

## Artists.

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MISS GERTRUDE WHITING,

MISS JENNIE TABB,

MISS JANIE WATKINS,

MISS MYRTLE WATKINS DANIEL,

MR. H. R. HOUSTON,

MISS MABEL MORTON DANIEL,

MR. GEORGE FITZGERALD

MISS ETHEL WITHERSPOON,

MR. W. BRUCE BUFORD.



**The Six**  
**Phases**  
of the  
**College**  
**Man**



## Ballade of the Literary Man.



When lazy smoke-clouds fill the air  
And every wreath a picture frame,  
A dozen dainty faces peer  
To vex the weary student's brain :  
When red and gold and cinders flame,  
And close to hand there lies a pen,  
Though he is dead who overcame,  
Of making songs there is no end.

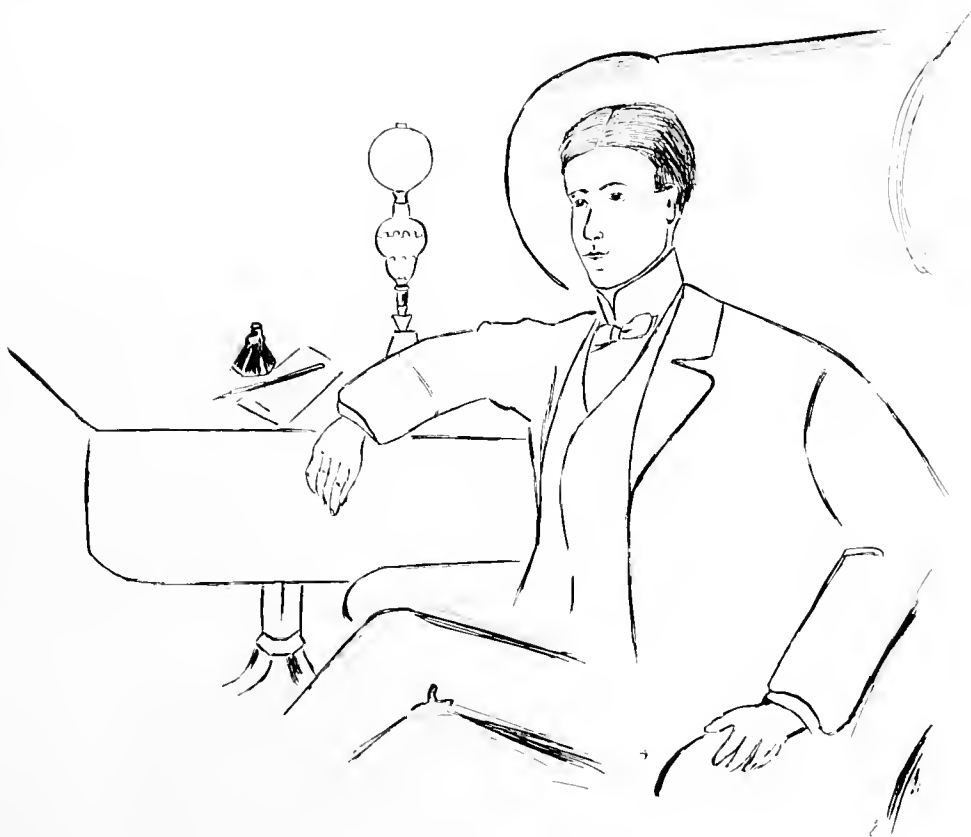
When cunning maidens have a care  
To tell us how they dote on fame,  
And one has half agreed to share  
Forever in our joy and pain :  
When mushroom castles built in Spain  
With mathematic functions blend  
And scraps of verses, halt and lame,  
Of making songs there is no end.

While o'er a stubborn line we swear  
And half the labor is in vain,  
While what we dream and feel can dare  
The critic's mingled praise and blame :  
While chums beseech us to refrain,  
And just a few our work commend,  
No matter—it is still the same,  
Of making songs there is no end.

### L'ENVOI.

Queen, princess, goddess, should you deign  
On us your gracious glance to bend,  
No more would we declare with shame,  
"Of making songs there is no end."





## The Athlete.

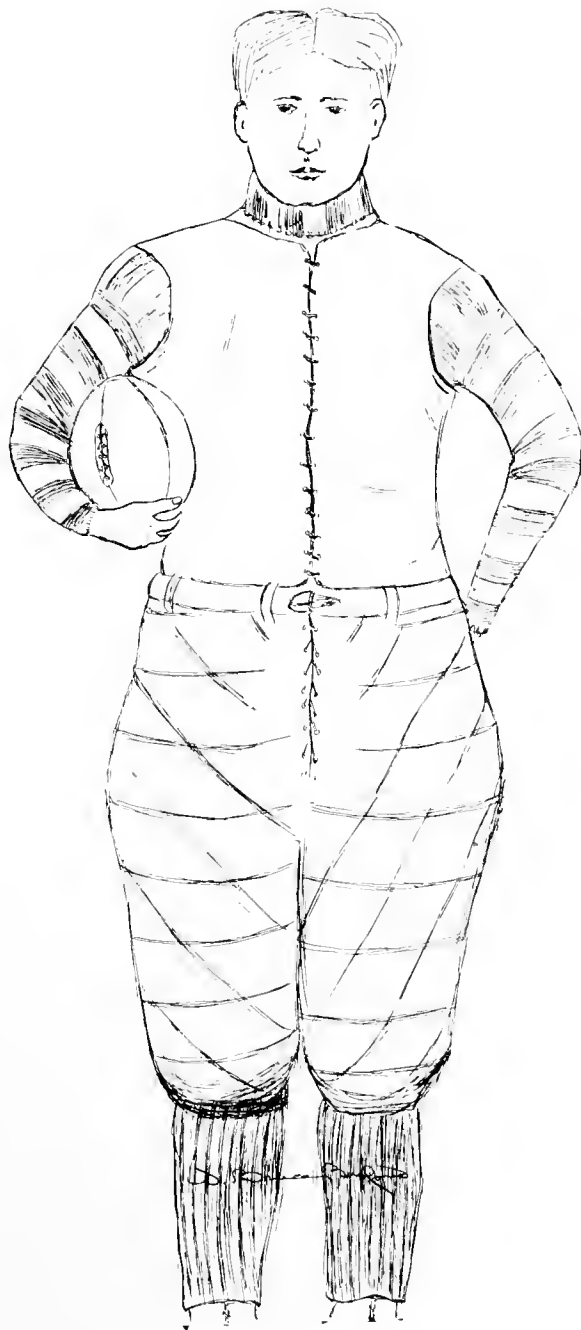
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We are the best beloved of Fate,  
The children whom she calls her own :  
We let the grinds investigate  
How certain pendulums vibrate,  
Or theorize upon the state  
Of morals in the torrid zone—  
We hold a pass-key to the gate  
That shuts us out from Learning's home.

Stoop-shouldered, sweater-clad, we stand  
And face the music, come what may,  
For quick of eye and sure of hand,  
With muscles tense we lead the band  
That follows closest in the van,  
Full eager for the coming fray—  
We do the things that others plan  
And show the weaker souls the way.

We catch the meaning of the breeze,  
And toss the lucky penny up ;  
Mad-drunk on glory, devotees  
Of all that leads to high emprise,  
We smash a double line with ease,  
Or tug and balance nip and tuck.  
We sniff the savor of the breeze,  
And never play against our luck.

Let others sing in triolets ;  
Of cherry lips and eyes of blue :  
We laugh at dainty-eyed coquettes—  
We stack our money up on bets  
And make enough to pay our debts  
And have a little over, too,  
Let others sing in triolets  
Of cherry lips and eyes of blue.



## Ballade of a Loafer.

The dainty tracery of the mind,  
As airy-light as ocean spray,  
The world-old thoughts that stir mankind  
To high endeavor --what are they?  
The futile setting of the play,  
Where farce is linked with comedy,  
And, as the actors strut away,  
I smoke and watch the world go by.

Where are the singers of old time,  
The poets of a bygone day?  
Dark snakes about their gravestones climb,  
While drips the rain above their clay;  
O'er Karnak's ruins, old and gray,  
The trailing vines of summer lie,  
And, while the works of men decay,  
I smoke and watch the world go by.

Though college honors be not mine,  
Nor of degrees a long array,  
I know the flavor of old wine  
And lips that linger tenderly;  
The span o' life is but a day,  
So, while the wheeling planets fly,  
And hell and heaven fight for sway,  
I smoke and watch the world go by.

### L'ENVOI.

Friends, live and love while yet you may,  
For none will care save you and I;  
And, be ye grave or be ye gay,  
Just smoke and watch the world go by.



## A Rondeau of Scholars.

---

*With pipe and book our fancy strays  
Amid the records of old ways ;  
For us adown the years has rolled  
The mighty story Homer told  
Of war and death in ancient days.*

*While others seek to win the bays  
That crown endeavor, we appraise  
The wealth that bygone ages hold,  
With pipe and book.*

*Like thunder long drawn out, the lays  
Of Roman Virgil flame and blaze  
Barbaric splendors known of old,  
And as the fatal acts unfold,  
We dream, while Iliad's power sways,  
With pipe and book.*



## Ballade of a Sport.

---

I would write a Ballade in the orthodox way,  
And so I question as I begin :  
Where are the roses that bloomed last May,  
Or where is the overcoat "hooked " last spring ?  
And why are my lady's eyes grown dim ?  
And where are the fish that broke the net ?  
And what is the song that the sirens sing ?  
I will remember, though you forget.

What were the pleasures of yesterday,  
And where is my father's hard-earned tin ?  
Whose are the duns that will come to-day,  
And how shall I still the creditor's din ?  
Where is the money I did not win,  
And why in the world do I ever bet ?  
Or where is repentance for last year's sin ?  
I will remember though you forget.

Whose is the sweetheart that said me nay,  
And what has become of my diamond ring ?  
What did the ice president say  
When I cut and loafed in the interim ?  
Where is the goblet filled to the brim  
(For I know how the red wine sparkles yet)  
And where is the girl that kissed the rim ?  
I will remember, though you forget.

### L'Envoi.

Friends, if the things you delighted in,  
Passing, leave but a vain regret,  
Pray that the gods may remove the sting,  
Lest you remember and never forget.





## The Calico Man.

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### A Ballade.

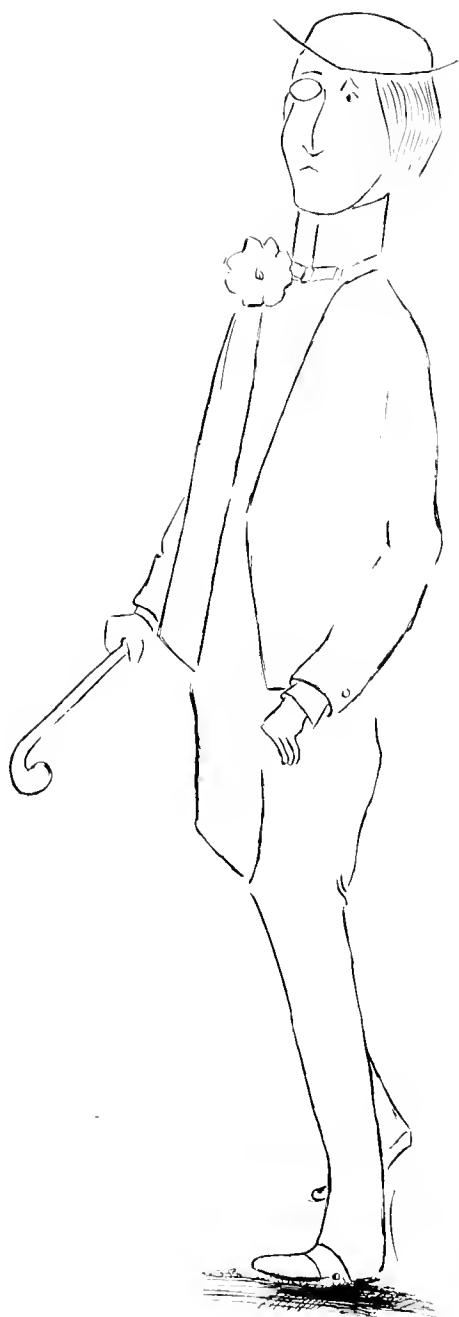
To see me stroll along the way  
With jaunty hat and cane and stare;  
To see me pose and look blasé  
You'd take me for a millionaire,  
A tip-top sport without a care,  
Or else the king of Fashion's whirl.  
I'm neither one; I linger there  
To rush the festive Normal girl.

On nearly every Saturday,  
In haste to Farmville I repair,  
And pass the pleasant hours away  
By looking at the ladies fair;  
'T is then in manner debonair,  
I give my young mustache a curl,  
Arrange my tie, and so prepare  
To rush the festive Normal girl.

"There goes a student," people say.  
The sports of Farmville curse and swear,  
But what care I, since I'm an fait,  
And have the entrée everywhere;  
And then the Normalites declare,  
With smiles of mingled pink and pearl,  
I'm just too sweet. 'T is fun most rare  
To rush the festive Normal girl.

### L'ENVOI.

Fellows that fling your gold away  
As if you owned full half the world,  
What think you? Does it really pay  
To rush the festive Normal girl?



## When She is Gone.

---

When she is gone, dies out the light  
On fretted nave and panelled wall,  
With sable skirts the voiceless night  
Sweeps sombre-eyed adown the hall—  
If life be sweet with love alone  
Then life is death when she is gone.

When she is gone, the dark old pines  
By whom her foot hath found a place  
Grow tremulous o'er her loveliness,  
And whisper of my lady's grace,  
And nod to me across the lawn,  
For they too, know when she is gone.

When she is gone we wait for her.  
And sigh for her, the pines and I,  
And dream old dreams of laughing lips  
And wonder-glances by and by.  
Oh, does she know our hearts are drawn  
Beneath her feet when she is gone.

# 1 Chronicles, I.

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**F**ORTY and five years old was King Nebuchadnezzar when he began to reign, and behold he reigneth even unto this day. And these be the names of the counsellors of the king: James, broad of step, which did keep charge of the money chest of the kingdom; Peter, a man of the Greeks, which was scribe unto the king; Henry, the king's nephew, which did love the king with his whole heart; Bagges, a man of mighty wisdom, which had knowledge of the sun and moon and stars; Wynstonne, young in years, which was in favor with the king and his people; Salli, a man of the Romans.

Now when the king had summoned unto him all the Ethiopians of the land, he chose one of their number named Davie to be cup-bearer unto him. And it is this same Davie which be cup-bearer unto the king even unto this day. And the king called unto him his cup-bearer, Davie, and said unto him, "Get thee hence, most worthy cup-bearer, and summon unto me no small number of thy brethren of the Ethiopian people." And so the king did choose from their number two servants, and these be their names: John, a man slow to move, which did heat the king's house which be called the Chapel; and Stokes, a man of low stature, which did know all the inmost workings of the counsellors of the king. And are not these servants the ones which do obeisance unto the king to this day?

Now it came to pass that in the second year of the reign of good King Nebuchadnezzar, there arose mighty peoples in all the lands, and descended with great numbers into the land of King Nebuchadnezzar. And when the king knew all these things he was rejoiced with great rejoicing, for the king was desirous of adding many peoples unto his kingdom. Now there was among the peoples the tribe of Nineteen Hundred, which dwelt in the land two and two years, even four years. And there were mighty men of valor among the tribe of Nineteen Hundred which had come to sojourn in the fertile land of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Now, it was a custom among the peoples of this land, to vex sorely every strange tribe of Freshmen which came to sojourn within their borders. And the tribe of Sophomores was filled with great rejoicings when there descended into the land a tribe of Freshmen. And behold, the Freshmen did boast with great boastings, for they knew not what manner of men these Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores were. But when the king heard what

mighty sufferings the tribe of Freshmen must suffer, he straightway on the morrow spake unto the people assembled in the Chapel, and sought to turn the wicked peoples, which had persecuted the Freshmen, from their folly. But they stiffened their necks and continued in their evil way.

And they continued many days without trouble in the land. But after this the good king was much vexed with all the doings of the wicked peoples of the land. Now, it came to pass that when John, the king's servant, had got him up early, as was his wont, and had come unto the Chapel to make the fires therein, behold he saw many strange doings and many strange inscriptions on the outer walls and doors of the building.

And he ran and told the king all the works which the wicked people had done that night: the strange letters which he had seen on the walls of the Chapel, them told he also to the king. And the king said unto his servant, Saddle me an ass. So he saddled him the ass, and he rode thereon, till he had come before the Chapel. And when the king had looked upon all the wicked inscriptions and doings of the doers of iniquity, behold he rent his clothes and wept. There went out throughout all the land, even from Dan to Beersheba, a report of all the evil doings which had been done. Now when all the young men had assembled in Chapel on the same morning, the king opened his mouth and spake unto them, saying, O youths of a perverse generation, why vex ye me? Woe is me, for I know not what to do. But as I, even I, live, so will the evil doers be found out and be driven from the land.

And it came to pass that on the following day when the king and his counsellors were assembled together in one room, the king sent out messengers summoning all the young men to appear before them. Now when the young men heard that the king had done this, there was much trembling among them, for they knew what manner of man the king was. And when the king had read the law of the land unto the young men which he had summoned before him, behold his counsellors asked many hard and strange questions, which the young men answered lest they be driven from the land. But the young men waxed not afraid, for there was no guile in them which the king might find. And when the meetings of the king and his counsellors were at an end, there was no evil doer known unto them, no, not one: and so it remaineth even unto this day.

Now there dwelt in the land two and two tribes, even four tribes, and these be their names: the Freshmen which lately crossed over into the land, and among which there be many youths of a froward mouth and a haughty spirit; the Sophomores whose hearts were turned after vexing the Freshmen; the Juniors which envy much the mighty tribe of Seniors, and whose hearts seek after evil; the Seniors which be a mighty people before whom all the other tribes do bow. And there be many wars waged among these tribes.

Now, when the wicked tribe of Nineteen Hundred had graduated, and the time had come when they must needs remove themselves from the borders of

the kingdom, and become dispersed throughout all the lands round about, behold the king and his counsellors were exceedingly rejoiced for they knew what manner of people there were in that tribe. But lo, each person of the tribe must needs pay a tribute of five shekels of silver unto the king, before they remove from the land; and this thing did each man of them do, for they knew what manner of man the king was.



## A Song of Hampden-Sidney.

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### Prelude.

Fair is our lot—for we dwell at Hampden-Sidney,  
Yet take good heed and careful whene'er abroad ye roam,  
For if Neb were on your trail  
And your little bluff should fail,  
He would point you out the pathway, that leadeth on to home.

True we have sinned—very many went from righteousness;  
There are none of us untainted, none whole, or free from blame,  
But, although we oft have played,  
Oh, be ye not afraid,  
For the men who lost their money, it is they that bear the blame.

Keep ye the rules—and move swiftly when ye break them,  
Knowing naught of poker chips; to church and chapel go,  
For unless you're virtuous,  
Or know how to make a bluff,  
You will surely hit the ceiling—and the ceiling isn't low.

Hear now a song—a song of Hampden-Sidney,  
By a singer who has been there—whence this song has had its birth;  
But though, while we're here, we curse  
And say she scarcely could be worse,  
Still we wander back at Finals from the ends of all the earth.

### The Faculty in General.

Our brows are filled with knowledge, and we have the scholar's eye,  
We were Learning's foster-parents, and with us shall learning die;  
Through the mud and sleet and drizzle, through the rain and hail and snow  
We, the Rulers of the College, watch the weary students go.

Naught of women know or care we—they are fruitful of distress,  
We prefer our own companionship and lives of peacefulness;  
Not the sweetest chant could lure us that the siren's lips have sung,  
Some are quite too old to marry and the rest are quite too young.

Oh, we take a bloomin' Freshman that has got a little grit,  
And we treat him very gently till we feel him take the bit,  
And we ram him, shove him, cram him, till he thinks he knows a few,  
Then we pitch him just to show him that he thinks what isn't true.



It is said we once were Freshmen—but that was long ago,  
And we find it hard to understand how little Freshmen know,  
So, when the lessons lengthen and the class is looking blue,  
We tell them pretty fairy tales of how we used to do.

Come in, come in, ye students—put away your careless ways,  
Come where laurel crowns await you—and forget your childish days,  
Ye shall work and see no resting, ye shall kick and swear in vain,  
But the Rulers of the College bid you welcome once again.

### **The Song of the Fallen.**

Song of the Fallen in Latin—beyond all hoping or caring,  
Seeking in vain to discern the most forcible method of swearing;  
Song of the Fallen in Greek—longest and worst of our courses—  
They that still hope for a “dip” by aid of their ponies and horses;  
Song of the Fallen in Math—the angles and lines that betrayed them—  
Dreaming of prisms and cones and cursing the men that first made them;  
Song of the Fallen in English—this is the moral it clinches,  
“Sit on the very front seat—carve not your name on the benches.”  
Hear ye the song of the Fallen.

### **The Song of the Students.**

Ye shall know us by the whiteness that was laid upon our brows  
By the bridal kiss she gave us when we rendered up our vows,  
She, our wisdom crowned mistress, toward whose eyes our hearts were turned,  
Ere the fire of childish passion to a stronger flame had burned.

Ye shall know us by our shoulders, that are bowed beneath the yoke,  
By the seared marks upon us of the pleasure-chains we broke,  
By our eyes grown dim with staring through the barrenness of years,  
Blurred with dreams of long lost battles, driving rain and falling tears.

We were happy in our hamlets—softly came and went the days,  
And we looked with childish wonder on the man-trodden ways;  
But we heard her voice calling like the thunder of the sea,  
And we followed through the darkness and forgot that we were free.

We were drunk with high endeavor and we made the holocaust,  
For we gave our days in bondage and we knew not what we lost,  
Youth was cheap and so we sold it, love was far too sweet to miss,  
But we sought the gold of knowledge and forgot the lover's kiss.

We have gained the long hid treasures, that the centuries have kept,  
We have toiled in silent places while the sons of men have slept,  
For the voice calls and we follow, resting not by day or night,  
Follow after—follow after till the dark has turned to light.

In the faith of little children, it shall end as 't was begun,  
For the mystery shall vanish at the setting of the sun;  
And the voice that calls us onward, be it come to ban or bless,  
Surely whispers in the darkness we shall hide our weariness.

When the team went down on the James,  
And Richmond had lost the game,  
We sang full long our saga-song  
Of Hampden-Sidney's fame,  
(And Richmond had lost the game).

And her fame shall never be less,  
While rivers flow to sea,  
While men shall bless her mightiness  
Or strive for victory,  
(While rivers flow to sea).

### **The Song of the Rooters.**

We have cheered for the team time out of mind,  
And our labor is never done,  
For we cheer while our eyes can behold the ball  
Or follow a long end run,  
We have strained our lungs with the songs we sing  
As the ball goes over the line,  
And if breath be the price of football fame,  
Lord knows we have served our time.

There 's never a voice in the Senior Class  
But is cracked as a broken bell,  
And there 's never a man that can raise a tune  
Unless it end in a yell,  
Oh, we flung our best to the air's unrest  
That the team might hear and win,  
So if breath be the price of football fame,  
Lord knows we have paid it in.

We must cheer the team while the team shall last,  
For that is a part of the game.  
If they win we must yell till we split our throats,  
If they lose, it is just the same:  
If a man 's knocked out we must raise a shout,  
Though even a roommate fall—  
If breath be the price of football fame  
Lord knows we have paid it all.

### **The Normalites.**

The students come not to see us; they say it is much too far  
To come to the town of Farmville, where the Normal Maidens are,  
There is no man nor a shadow of man in all of Farmville town,  
And we are lonely maidens, when the students come not down.

Here in the heart of Farmville, here at the end of the earth.

To tell us the things that we like the men of the College could meet—  
Telling us fairy tales of how they have loved us from birth.

Of how, if we chose, we could make their motiveless lives complete.

These are the things they could tell us—and we would answer in kind,

Holding their hands in the dark, out of the light of the sun;

But wait! Men talk to-day, o'er the waste of mud and slime,

Of a new road running between,—then, perhaps they will come.

### **The Song of the Faculty in Particular.**

N-B-CU-DN-ZZ-R.

Chiefest among the rulers, I, the King,

Nebuchadnezzar, from my lofty throne,

With eye undimmed by years, keep watch and ward

O'er that which is mine own.

HIS NEPHEW.

Me many doubts perplex, I am not sure

Of aught that is, save that in some sweet day, ~

Far from the haunts of men, with knife and key

I shall sit down to play.

B-GBY.

All men, who know me, fear me, for I hear

Far thundering on their appointed path.

The flying worlds—even the Seniors quake

At mention of my name.

J-M.

"All flesh is grass," a budding poet sang,

Seeing how swiftly mortal things decay;

All life is Math—the poem is no good;

Take it away.

P-T-R.

My jokes you may not alter nor mistake,

I always smile, when it is time to laugh,

And ages yet unborn shall vex their brains

Over my autograph.

W-NST-X.

Youth is my only crime—for that I pray  
Your pardon—even now I feel the first  
Pinfeathers on my cheeks—Did some one say  
“Can good come out of Farmville?”

B-S-OR-.

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—  
There is none like me on the wide, wide earth;  
Famous shall some day be the little town,  
That gave me birth.

THE FELLOWS.

Nay, pass us by; not of the Faculty  
Nor yet among the students are we classed.  
We're like a mule in this, at least, that we  
Are neither horse nor ass.

#### **The Answer of Hampden-Sidney.**

True ye are men of the College—quicker to cut than to cram,  
Little used to get up—sleeping as long as ye can;  
Pausing a space at the store, resting a space at the mail  
Seeking excuses new—excuses that may not fail;  
Learning the meaning of life—its manifold joys and ills.  
Learning, also, the meaning of Edgar's monthly bills.  
Truly ye come of the blood, ye follow your natural bent,  
And, the Lord, may He send you grace, as the devil your sins hath sent.

Calico, an' it please you, follow the leathered ball.  
And if knowledge allure you, yield you not to her thrall—  
Ye have heard the first of the story—verily this is the end.  
“Ye are neither preps nor post-grads, but men in a land of men.”

BY R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.





WELL, my boy, the jig 's up at last. I realize, now that you mention it, that our life at Hampden-Sidney is done and that we must take up the "endless task of living" under some other conditions. And, say what you please, it is no "snap," this thing called existence. You are subjected to so many limitations. I remember realizing this at the age of three, when I decided to take a stroll through the Universe and discovered that there was in my way an insuperable barrier that the grown-ups called a front gate. Now that is just how it is with a lot of things. You try to fathom the meaning of Life, Death, Time, Space and all those mysterious somethings that you spell with capital letters and—you never get outside the front gate.

So I do not suppose we have gotten very far into "the eternal verities" here, but we have tried all that we came across. The Philosopher once said that a fellow ought to try everything at least once, and the Fool remarked, *apropos* of nothing, that it would be a good thing if some people tried suicide as a starter. And then the Philosopher said something about leaving a fool to his folly, and when we pried them apart, it was hard to tell which was which—and this, it may be remarked, is usually the case under ordinary circumstances.

But fill up the pipe and pass me that bottle of lithia water, and we shall see if we have gotten hold of any of those things called sensations during the time that we have gone in and out among the men who dwell at Hampden-Sidney. After all, I don't suppose that what few we had were new ones. The Greeks got to such a pitch of civilization that they used to go about continually asking, "Is there anything new?" and some day we will be in the same fix for already we are born with an intuitive knowledge of some sensations. All that

we say and do is the result of tendencies old as the race itself. The hunter, dressed in a fig leaf, following his game through the primeval forest, was the prototype of the modern golf-trousered student chasing that elusive will-o-the-wisp, called a degree, through the labyrinth of to-day's curriculum.

The difference is that, while the hunter cut his buffalo up into steaks, we haven't the faintest notion as to what we are going to do with our degrees, now that we have gotten them. There it is, "Thomas Brown, A. B." It reminds one of a prison sentence—four years at hard labor, five dollars to the Warden of the Keep, and you get your certificate of dismissal.

Oh, yes, of course there are compensations. The long-suffering girls we have always with us, and we shall not forget them while the hills stand. They are undoubtedly deserving of credit, for they have listened unflinchingly while we discussed this or that professor's peculiarities, they have pretended sympathy with us when we got "pitched" on exams, they have congratulated us when we have been unanimously elected secretary of the class, and they have allowed us to make love to them in the way people do in books.

You remember the first time we went calling on "The Hill," don't you? We sat on the edges of the chairs, squirming in agony, while we ransacked heaven and earth for something to say. And yet there were no gaps in the conversation for the girl talked on continuously. At the Y. M. C. A. Reception she sat facing a semicircle of boys which constantly renewed itself without making a ripple on the smooth stream of her conversation. Boys came and boys went, but she remained, constant, immutable, changeless, uttering her monologue with regularity and precision. And she said she hoped we'd come to see her with such fervor that for the moment we thought she meant it.

We persevered, though, and she sent us a big bunch of roses when we made our orations the other day. This is a utilitarian world, and, if you want a girl to send you flowers you must give her a rush. The card had on it, "With my compliments," but it looked to me very much like, "For value received."

It was her dress that you stepped on during the Intermediate german, and when she pinned it up, she said it did not matter and went on dancing as though her heart were not almost broken. Verily, girls have a power of endurance beyond masculine ken; they can not even swear when anything happens.

They were truly things of beauty, those germans especially those at Finals. The low pleading of the waltz or the swinging lilt of the two-step, as the shimmering figures drift around the room, the lights flaring in the alcoves, the fair women and the rollicking youths—nay, it is surely a fairyland and no reality.

But it is a stern reality to the Seniors for all through the last night they are saying good-bye to Hampden-Sidney,—some with laughter, some with tears, and most with a sort of subdued feeling that something momentous is happening,—they don't quite know what. And, indeed, this thing of leaving College is

not so easy—unless, perchance, the Faculty accelerates your departure. You would be almost willing to stand your exams over again if you could come back another year.

And you know how you feel about exams, both before and after. At first, when the cloud is, as yet, no larger than a man's hand, you write out a schedule of hours and determine to waste not a minute until the days of travail are over. On the first day of the new order of things, some one of your loquacious friends drops in and you discuss a pipe and the prospects for the baseball team, when you ought to be studying Greek; then next day, at the same hour, you get a letter from your aunt that requires three readings before it can be laid aside, and you come to the conclusion that there is no profit in striving against Fate. So you go back to your evil ways, and if the "powers that be" love you, it is possible to get through; if they do not, you get "pitched."

We came near getting "pitched" in chemistry, if I remember aright. The professor had an eccentric way of asking, "Mr. Brown, what about oxygen?" that was calculated to stagger one. But it was a very interesting study both because everything the book said was so ingenuously simple and direct, and because the whole thing afforded so much mental pabulum to the enquiring mind. For instance, you can, if you choose, begin with a lump of fluorspar and endeavor to think away everything save the ultimate molecule. This alone will keep you occupied for some time. I always enjoyed fooling with molecules, but I liked especially to monkey with the atom. I once put about 14,000,000 atoms of H. and about 7,000,000 of O. into a jar together, and the little cusses paired off so vigorously that they nearly wrecked the laboratory.

But I always liked chemistry, and our class furnished a good illustration of the combination of foreordination and free agency. We always had the results of the experiments, together with the descriptions, written out beforehand, and, while the molecules were perfectly free, they always did just what was expected of them. And that is something that not many things, animate or inanimate, do.

Especially are the Normal girls record breakers in the matter of doing the unexpected. The Fool once said that the Normal girls were not normal at all—that on the contrary they were emphatically abnormal; but it may be remarked in this connection that this speech was the beginning of that downward path that the Fool has trod consistently, until now his reputation for stability is gone forever. It is good, though, to know some of the Normalites, both because of the exercise you get on the road to Farmville, and because of the good influence you can exert over them. They are so ingenuous and trustful that when you chance to tell them the truth you do not have to go into details or give local coloring to the incident in order to secure belief. And their perception of humor is so keen, that they can always understand a joke after you have drawn a diagram of it for them.

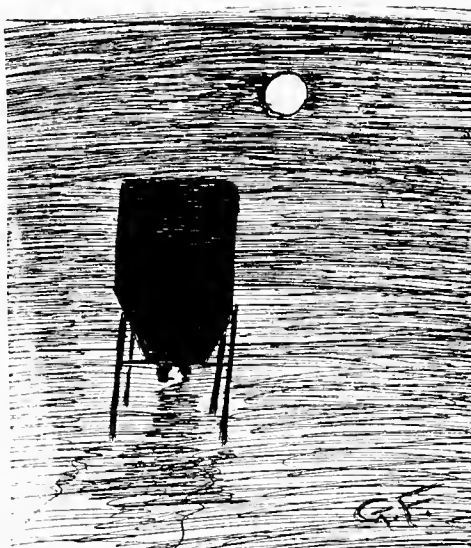
Once, just as an experiment, I went up to a member of the aforesaid noble institution of learning and said, "Miss Binks, I have it on good authority that the moon is made out of green cheese."

Said she, "I don't think I quite understand, but I am afraid you are mistaken. One of our teachers said just the other day that the moon had strata very much like those of the earth."

And she went back to the place whence she had come, saying that she did not think the course at Hampden-Sidney could be very good since Mr. Brown thought the moon was made out of green cheese—while you and I laughed softly about it.

But the time for laughter is over, my boy, and if we ever get another glimpse of old Arcady, we will have to thank the gods for a special dispensation. Not because Arcady will be no more, shall we know her no more, but because our lines will be in cast in other places. But it has been a good life—one such as the gods might live, and, here at the last, considering the things that Hampden-Sidney has to give,

"Speakin' in general, I have tried them all,  
And, speakin' in general, I have found them good."





# The Girl and The Violin -Ballade-

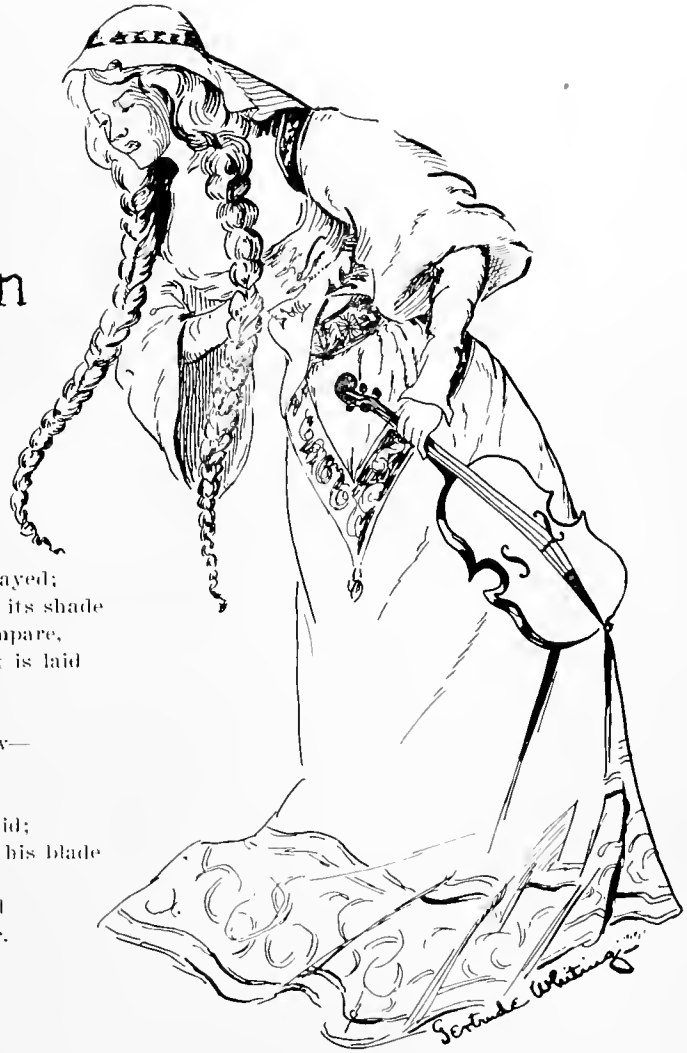
All silent the cadence that rang long ago  
In old-world catch-song or light serenade,  
Forgot is its passion, forgot is its woe,  
Forgot are the stirring old tunes that it played;  
And the years in their passing have deepened its shade  
To a brown soft and rich that far passes compare,  
Save when, lovingly tucked neath her chin, it is laid  
Beside the sweet darkness of Marcia's hair.

In vain do we question who first drew its bow—  
What cavalier knight of its first decade,  
Who loved and labored and dared to go  
Half way to meet death for the sake of a maid;  
And there's never a man but would flash out his blade  
And die, if need be, with defiance to care,  
If life in the balance should ever be weighed  
Against the sweet darkness of Marcia's hair.

But out of the shadowy long ago  
There comes a rustle of stiff brocade,  
And the pleading melodies ebb and flow  
And the lights flare dim in the accolade—  
Oh, a lovelier woman the gods ne'er made  
With her eyes down-drooped and her dainty air,  
And the poet-painter's day dreams fade  
Beside the sweet darkness of Marcia's hair.

## L'ENVOI.

Friends, all the marvelous colors fade  
From your Titian heads and your Turners rare,  
Turn, I pray you, all undismayed  
And see the sweet darkness of Marcia's hair.





### Claire.

Within the panelled halls she sits,  
Beneath the winding of the stair,  
And, dark and light, upon her lips  
The firelight shifts its fitful glare ;  
Below, the flaring shadows creep  
In writhing figures round her feet,  
And as she leaneth dreamy-wise,  
One slim hand shadows o'er her eyes,  
And at her nod the red gold flame-tongues leap.

The wind is waiting on the plains,  
Or rustling through the fallen leaves,  
The raindrops dash upon the pane,  
Slow-dropping from the darkened eaves ;  
The clock ticks softly in the hall,  
For some strange mood holds Claire in thrall,  
And, as the swift sparks upward fly,  
The lazy smoke goes curling by  
To drag its phantom wreaths across the wall.

And when upon her face I gaze,  
The tides of Fancy backward fly,  
To wander through the golden days  
When life was naught save chivalry—  
Full armed they ride from every clime,  
These warriors of an older time ;  
The splintering lances bend and crash,  
Fierce eyes through close-barred visors flash,  
For he is victor whom Claire smiles upon.

## Dream - Time.

“DID you ever notice what a pine forest is most like?” said the litterateur of the Senior Class, as he lolled on his back and kicked the turf with lazy heels.

“Is that a conundrum of the same stripe as ‘What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?’” asked Gray Golf-stockings contemptuously.

“Oh, come off! and let the litterateur talk,” said a Soph. “He’s been doing Ruskin and Carlyle, and he knows something. Let’s have it.”

“It’s not a conundrum, when the intellect can grasp and the eye can perceive,” said the Senior loftily. “A pine wood is exactly like a thunderstorm. Nature, like history, repeats itself—but always with wonderful variations. Look across that field at that sweep of pine trees. See the straight, dark streaks of the trunks like swift falling rain, and the heavy mass of cloudy foliage above—not green, but blue—the dark blue of a rain-cloud with mischief in it. The whole effect is cool and refreshing, and at the same time, dark and terrifying. Did you ever notice it?”

“What fool things you notice!” growled Gray Golf-stockings.

“Let’s have some of the wise things *you* notice,” said the Soph.

“Well, there’s that stunner, Miss B——, who’s visiting on the Hill——”

“Slightly inclined to embonpoint?” interrupted the litterateur.

“Don’t know what she’s inclined to, with your confounded foreign nonsense,” answered the Golf-stockings, whose knowledge of languages was limited, “but d’jou ever notice what a scared and shrinkin’ way she always has when she’s talkin’ to a fellow?”

“Lucky thing for her—that shrinking way! If she weren’t always shrinking, think what a figure she’d soon be,” said the Soph, who was perhaps a trifle hypercritical and preferred girls of a spirituelle type.

“I’ll give you something worth noticing,” said a Freshman who had been adding strange words to his innocent little vocabulary. “The phiz of a man who comes in and calls for one in the draw.”

“You’ll notice the wrong phiz some day, my son,” said the Junior, “unless you practice mind reading and other esoteric sciences pretty astutely, along with your midnight studies.”

“Come on, fellows, here comes the mail.” And off they piled, leaving only the litterateur, who sighed contentedly and fell back upon the soft grass to dream and dream again.

Virginia in May! Hampden-Sidney! What a feast of color and sound!

He looks way across the warm red earth of furrowed fields, through which the tender green of new crops is springing; and his glance rests enchanted upon the sweep of sombre-hued pines and tall oaks with their feet in dark, velvety shadows, while overhead bends the smiling "witchery of the soft blue sky" flecked here and there with whirring birdwings. The sweet bell tones of oriole and thrush ring clear and true from tree-top to tree-top, and the brilliant roundelay of the mocking-bird is everywhere.

It is the dream-time of life for him, and the dream-time of the seasons—not idle dreams either, but dreams that bring inspiration and quicken the doing of good deeds. The springtime blossoms that seem only bright color and sweet perfume are shaping the mellow fruit, the golden harvest. The leafy screen above stirs and murmurs in the scented breeze, and the lazy hum of insects fills in the pauses between flute-like birdnotes. Where was there something like this, and yet not the same?

With closed eyes he half dreams, half recalls another scene. Violins; 'cellos; mellow wood-wind instruments; clear, bright, silvery trumpet tones; and a man with a magician's wand who summoned the best from each of these, and brought sweet concord from the whole. Of course! The orchestral concert at Richmond during the winter holidays. Waldweben—the forest scene from Siegfried. How truly the great composer has caught and recorded the sweet outdoor sounds of summer time! And sweeter than all—a voice, a presence, there beside him in the concert hall, here now when summoned to dreamland.

Only a few days more, and in delightful reality she will walk with him down these leafy, sweet-smelling lanes. No other girl can walk as she does, with such graceful poise, such free, light tread, such erect carriage. She will sit beside him in the little church, dressed in a pretty, fluttering, light-tinted gown.

What need of prosy pulpit discourse, when one glance of those eloquent eyes has the power to transport you to the highest heaven? To have a pure girl's heart beat in sympathy with yours—isn't that more uplifting than forty minutes of logical, cut and dry arguments for your tired soul's salvation?

And the german! To float upon the wings of rhythmic waltz-time with his arm around her, and soft tendrils of her hair brushing his cheek. Queen of the dance she will undoubtedly be. The queen of his heart she is now and always. And he will strive to keep his hand honest and clean for her tender clasp, his heart a stronghold for her gentle leaning.

First of all, the carving of a little throne in the world's workshop for his beautiful sovereign. But he knows he shall succeed. Wasn't it for her that he won first honor? He will deliver that oration to the president of the college, the members of the faculty, his fellow students and the visitors, but she will guess that it is for her alone——

Bang! A noise like a pistol shot in his ears, and the dreamer rises dripping like Neptune, drenched by a paper bag full of water that a malicious mind and an unerring aim have precipitated upon him from a distant hiding place.

A rude awakening for the dreamer, but not so bad for him either, for now his ears are opened to the stern voice of study that has been summoning him unheeded for some time past.





### Rondelets.

Once and no more  
To hold that little hand of thine,  
Once and no more  
And kindly as we used of yore.  
Then what is left? The lees of wine,  
Of life and a souvenir that thou wert mine  
Once—and no more.

I've loved thee well.  
But at thy will I leave thee now;  
I've loved thee well,  
No words were dear enough to tell  
My love. Ah, have I need to vow  
After these years? Be it enow—  
I've loved thee well.

"Far over seas,  
Go there," thou biddest, "and forget."  
Far over seas?  
What lieth there but memories,  
And longings wan and vain regret?  
For I know I must love thee yet,  
Far over seas.

## Letter to Board of Trustees.

*Dear Mr. Board of Trustees:*

I have just received my sheepskin, and thought I would write to tell you how pleasant my stay here of four years has been and what advantages I have enjoyed. When I first entered College, I was a green Freshman, and didn't know the difference between a horse and a pony. But it wasn't long before I could take a pony by the lines and ride it as gracefully as you please. And I may add that I have ridden a pony around the whole course. It has thrown me many a time, but every time I would grip the lines more tightly and ride more carefully and prayerfully. I never like to ride a horse for then you have to manage double lines. I have seen some riding a horse and pony in tandem style.

I thought the Senior was the most enviable person in College, except John Evans and Stokes Brown who don't have anything at all to do. I didn't know then what advantage there was in cutting Chapel; but now I have found that by so doing you can make up for sleep you have lost, or more probably, that you haven't lost.

One class which I enjoyed in my Freshman and Sophomore years, as in fact does every one, was the Forensic class. How I used to long for that hour to come, when we assembled in the Chapel and listened to such selections as "The Psalm of Life," "Minnehaha," or some other with which we were unfamiliar! And how short that hour seemed to me!

You know the "Seminites" once lived nearby, and I esteemed it a great privilege to know a set of men so pleasant withal, so intelligent, and last but not least, so full of leisure.

Ah! sir, my vocabulary is wanting when I attempt to explain to you the advantages derived on account of the proximity of our College to the pretty town of Farnville and also to the (the proper adjective is wanting here) Normal School. You have never heard of the Normal School, perhaps. Well, I am not surprised, and will tell you what it is. It is a place where a girl goes to have a good time; where they have wicked pillow-fights; where a boy may call every night in the week; where they don't have any Y. M. C. A.; and where they get out an annual called "The Virginian"—hush! for I have told a secret, for the editor-in-chief told me not to divulge the name of their annual. Those "Normalites" have a cruel way of pinning up overcoat pockets and of playing football with any hat left in the hall. But for all their faults I love them still.

There is one regret I have, and that is that I didn't maintain a strictly anti-"calico" attitude while here, for now the "calie" all seem in love with me and

I find that I don't care for them in the least. And I wonder why that is. I wonder, too, if you found it that way when you were here. I suspect when you were here you knew some of the "calic" here now.

I enjoyed a great advantage in having access to our College library where I could go and drink deep from such interesting and standard books as the government documents, statistics, etc., which adorn so many of the shelves.

The librarian will tell you that, judging from the demand for them, a great many Greek and Latin books seem to be read these days, especially by members of the Senior Greek and Latin classes. But when the professors of these classes have corrected the exercises of the week, they can assign a different cause to the demand for these books.

I have had the advantage, also, of acquiring the art of "cramming." This art is difficult to acquire, but when once gained it is an invaluable attainment. I used to wonder, for example, how the Seniors could possibly prepare Calderwood for examination, but I have since found out that it is accomplished by "cramming." The acceleration I have acquired in "cramming" is ten lines per second per second.

I have learned many things in my course here which will be of practical value to me in the future. When a Freshman unwittingly sits upon a hot stove, I will console him by telling him, from my own knowledge of Physics, that it was only an increased molecular vibratory motion transmitted from the stove through the aerial medium to his corporeal self, that caused increased molar motion on his part, i. e., that caused him to forsake the stove.

I have learned from my study of Physics also that one never sees himself, not even when looking in a mirror. And so I no longer make use of a mirror, consoling myself all the while by those lines,

I have heard myself when a Freshman, boast of all I knew; I have seen myself when a Soph, learn how to loaf and lead a reckless life; I have seen myself when a Junior, smoke and bet and cut a few; I have seen myself when a Senior, obeyed by Freshmen and envied by all.

I have "busted" on Freshmen English, for the professor said he was obliged to "bust" some; I have "busted" on Sophomore Math, for I never could wade through solids; I have "busted" on Junior Greek, for I never could laugh at the jokes; and I have "busted" on Senior Physics, for, as the professor said, it was organized common sense.

But "for a' that an' a' that," a sheepskin I now possess.



## Child's Primer of College Men.

### THE SE-NI-OR.

A Se-ni-or, chil-dren, please at-tend,  
Lives far a-part from oth-er men;  
All fu-tile fop-per-ies are es-chew-ed,  
And met-a-phys-ics is his food;  
When he de-cides to take a drink  
He gulps it down with-out a wink,  
And he can sun-dry au-thors cite  
To prove that what he says is right.  
But take good heart and don't get blue,  
For he was once a Prep like you.

### THE JU-NI-OR.

Ob-serve, my child, how mod-est-ly  
The Ju-ni-or bears him-self—you see  
He knows, but does not think he knows,  
And while his new-born whisk-er grows,  
He makes his fath-er's shek-els fly  
In dance and drink and rev-el-ry;  
The Se-ni-or's man-ners he em-ploys,  
But can not match his eq-ui-poise;  
This is a ve-ry dan-ger-ous age  
Since it is the trans-i-tion stage.

### THE SOPH-O-MORE.

The Soph-o-more can drink and sing,  
And swear and do most any-thing;  
He laughs to hear the Fresh-man "bust,"  
Be-cause he's such a mer-ry cuss,  
And if the Fresh-man makes a sound  
He turns the Fresh-man up-side down;  
He is a ve-ry wick-ed man,  
As you will bet-ter under-stand,  
When Life's pri-me-val days are o'er,  
And you have been a Soph-o-more.

### THE FRESH-MAN.

Be-hold the gild-ed Fresh-man here,  
Pre-tend-ing he has naught to fear;  
He throws the dust box down the well  
And thinks he has rais-ed some—Cain;  
He's mal-treat-ed by day and night,  
And yet he is a-fraid to fight,  
For ev-en dogs upon the street  
Know he's a Fresh and bite his feet.  
What is a Fresh-man? Hear him squall—  
A Fresh-man's no-body at all.



## A Commencement Idyl.

Commencement is not wholly joy,  
You'll find even then things to annoy.  
If haply you should not employ  
Your usual common sense, my boy—  
I didn't.

Young Jones was "making out a card."  
He set 'em up and called me pard—  
I yielded, since he begged so hard;  
He jumped for joy afterward—  
I didn't.

She came. Upon the promenade  
She coyly said, "I'm so afraid  
Of getting stuck," this cunning maid.  
She hoped to have her fear gainsaid—  
She didn't.

Said false I, "Oh, thou 'rt awful nice,  
Sweeter than shortcakes' sugared slice."  
"You're stuffing me," in tones of ice  
Said she, and hoped to hear it twice—  
She didn't.

She told me of her lovers four,  
How each of them did her adore,  
With what wild oaths their love they swore,  
*She* fancied I would make one more—  
I didn't.

As past the lamps—trip No. 9—  
We strolled right weary down the line,  
She questioned with a rapture fine  
If I didn't think the night divine,  
I didn't.

All like the shuttle thro' the loom  
We back and forth did go and come,  
T'ntil she, losing her aplomb,  
Whispered, "Do you mind going home?"  
I didn't.

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## All Promenade.

### A Mournful Echo of Countless Commencements.

Lightly stir soft airs of night,  
Kindly stars are shining bright,  
And beneath dim far-off light  
All promenade.

Slowly to soft music's swell,  
With soft speeches—who can tell  
In what mystic midnight spell  
All promenade.

Out of darkness into light,  
Or in darkness vanished quite,  
In the dimness and the night  
All promenade.

In the dream of music's spell,  
And the dimness, dear, pray tell,  
What may chance of ill or well?  
All promenade.

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## Politeness.

He picked up her glove—  
Just wait for a minute—  
'T was politeness, of course,  
Nothing more; pray divorce,  
From your thought what is worse,  
For her hand was within it.  
He picked up her glove—  
Just wait for a minute.



## Pipe Pictures.

**Y**OU do not smoke, *mon camarade*? Perhaps it is just as well that you do not. The minister will tell you that it dulls the moral sense, and the scientist will take the pipe from his lips to state just how much it narrows the already narrow span of man's life. No doubt it is wholly bad, and there is no good in it. Tell it not in Gath, yet there have been some of the great ones of the earth who held that smoking was one of the things man should be loath to do without. Did not the Sage of Chelsea, that man of the eternities, say that, no matter how hard we smoked in after days we could never make up for the ten years or so of our existence, when the combined efforts of nurses, mothers and elder sisters were sufficient to keep us from having more than a speaking acquaintance with the noxious weed?

Women never receive justice from women, and if the Lady Princess Nicotine had to depend on her daintier sisters for worship, her shrine would be as bare as that of a Burmese god in the museum of a Christian theological seminary. To tell the truth, the Princess could never be a drawing-room favorite. She cares far too little for conventionalities, and the blood of Bohemia runs very swiftly through her veins. Evening gowns and Suede gloves are not in her line at all. She comes to us with her flowing draperies hung loosely about her, a laugh on

her lips, and a roguish gleam in her eyes, that bodes no good to those who look too long therein. Yet there is a world of earnestness behind the laughter, and if you dare to look she will show you things that eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard.

Well, if you choose, we will invoke the Princess and see what she has for us to-night. Her shrine is a very simple yet very beautiful one. She needs no Greek temple with white-robed priests and swelling choruses to bid her come and bless her devotees. It is only a bit of meerschaum, almost black around the top and shading off into a deep, rich brown like that of a woman's hair. And when the firelight strikes on the clear amber it is shot through with a dozen changing hues of green and gold.

Can it be that the Princess is sulky to-night, or have we forgotten something due her? No; here comes the first picture, as the rings float off into the shadow, taking shape as they go. There are the same soft, brown eyes that you thought the prettiest on earth, and the dark locks droop down against the whiteness of her neck just as they did in the old days when that rosebud of a month seemed absolutely perfect and you thought you had found the *Ultima Thule* of this world's joys. You remember, do you not, that evening when you leaned out of the window watching the lights across the river die out one by one, when you told her how you were going to conquer in the big world-battle simply in order to bring back the spoils and lay them at her feet. Of course you weren't going to bring back anything so material as money. The spoils were going to consist of a judicious admixture of glory, honor, and so on. But that also was vanity, and she was not for you; yet the other day I saw you take an old piece of blue ribbon from a book, look at it a minute, and then lay it back very carefully. Surely it was not because of any value inherent in the ribbon that you dealt with it so gently. No; it is not enough to know where a grave is. We must go back and weep over it occasionally.

But the Princess has slipped another picture into her kaleidoscope even while we were talking, and now you can see the things you meant to do and be. They are not overly pleasant to look upon, for comparisons are always odious, and fulfillment has fallen far short of intention. The life in those old castles in Spain was of a kind that is not granted to the sons of men, lest they become as gods, knowing the good but not the evil. Sometimes the bases were very wide and the pinnacles very high, but they fell nevertheless. You were going to set your face firmly towards the rising sun, and follow the gleam o'er "moor and meadow, fen and wold," and all the lions were going to turn to lambs as you approached them. Life would be a sort of triumphal march, and you would reach your goal with the band playing and colors flying. As it is—but the Princess has shifted the scene again.

You think, perhaps, that the Princess doesn't have enough comic pictures. Indeed, if you seek for much hilarity you must go somewhere else to get it, for

the Princess is a rather meditative sort of person. But if you are of the elect and have served her long enough she will lead you back to the time when the days went by too fast to be counted, and your life of to-day will "go glimmering through the dream of things that were." If you are breasting the tide of city life, she will let you hear once more the tinkle of the brook, away down in the hollow behind the hill—the willows once more droop heavily down above the clear pool, and all the chorus of sounds you knew will blend into the "Everlasting Wonder Song of Youth."

And then, if you begin to think that the battle is too hard for you; if your eyes grow dim with seeking in the everlasting glare, and your ears weary with the everlasting clamor of the life we lead, she will come and whisper to you that it doesn't matter after all, for after the clamor comes the quiet, and after the glare the utter darkness of the cool night.

Then, while you watch the wreaths curl up, breaking away and closing again in a thousand different shapes, you may come to see the great reason for all things—the law whereby we live and the cause wherefore we die.





### Villanelle.

Fare you well once more my sweet,  
For our little love is dead,  
And my dreams lie at your feet.

Tears, perchance, we both shall weep,  
And your eyes are dark with dread—  
Fare you well once more my sweet.

Slowly by the years shall creep:  
It is well when you are wed,  
And my dreams lie at your feet.

Fiercer flames around us beat,  
Now the love-lights all are fled—  
Fare you well once more my sweet.

When our lips first dared to meet,  
Dreamers, we the future read,  
And *my* dreams lie at your feet.

Nay, the cup was never sweet,  
And the leaf is stamped with red—  
Fare you well once more my sweet,  
All my dreams lie at your feet.



### My Lady's Lips.

Those darling lips  
Like Cupid's bow!  
They're one of his weapons,  
Too, I trow,

With which he aims,  
His deadly dart  
That pierces oft  
The bravest heart.

If kiss those lips  
I only could,  
I'd die content,  
God knows I would.

### Requiescat.

A stately maid of long ago,  
Half clad in shadow, half in sheen,  
She watched the winding river flow,  
To blend its silver in the green;  
And golden-tipped the sunlight lay  
In level bars across her hair,  
Or, resting lightly in her eyes,  
Half mad with joy trembled there.

Had some old master-painter caught  
The picture ere the light had fled,  
And, thrilled with more than art, had wrought  
The wondrous glory of her head;  
Then you could share with me the flood  
Of changing memories, that rise  
To stir the heart and spur the blood  
And send a mist across the eyes.

From dark to dark! and I, whose life  
Leaped into music at her glance,  
See but the empty phantoms rife  
Of what was once a glad romance;  
And this alone is left to me,  
And this alone is yet to come,  
To pass beyond the things that be,  
And dare to face the setting sun.

## Rudeness vs. Poetry.

IT rained at Hampden-Sidney. Yet he had braved the mud and now sat by somebody else's fireside. She sat opposite.

"Do you know," said he, "that I deserve some consideration to-night?"

"And why to-night, especially?" was the answer.

"Because I have gone counter to all comfort and common sense and waded out here instead of staying in my room and writing a poem." He looked solemnly at the fire while he made this explanation.

"And was it a great sacrifice," she asked, "to leave the poem for me?"

"The poem would have been in your honor," he said.

"Then I suppose I ought to say I am sorry you came—for I've lost a poem by it—yet it sounds rather rude."

"It does," said he.

"And if I said I was glad you came," she went on, thoughtfully, "you might suppose I didn't care about the poem—that might seem rude, too."

"It might," said the other, judicially.

"Then I can't say whether I'm glad to see you or not. If you just weren't a poet there wouldn't be such awkward complications." She looked at him demurely and smoothed down a stray curl.

"That speech also might be considered rude," said he, with his eye on the curl. "It indicates a desire to have me other than I am, which isn't flattering, and it very strongly implies that all my poems might be spared; for, if I were not a poet, how could I have written you half a dozen triolets, four rondeaux, a couple of ballades, and a sonnet since Intermediate?"

She smiled. "Really it looks as if there wasn't anything we could say to a poet without being rude. I'll have to listen while you talk, I suppose,—only you must n't be dull, for I might yawn or go to sleep—and that would be ruder than anything else. I'll try anyhow." And she settled herself and looked at him expectantly.

"Is that the way you show your consideration?" asked he after a pause.

"What more can I do? You know I love to talk, and here I am as silent as the grave—all for fear of being rude to you."

"But I didn't come here to talk," he objected. "My throat—" he coughed ostentatiously—"my throat is bad; talking is painful to me."

"I am sorry about your throat," she said. "Then neither of us must talk. What shall we do? Shall we sit still and look at each other or will you sit in that corner and read Kipling, while I sit here and read all the poems you have in your pocket?"



"Let's try the first for a while," he suggested.

They looked solemnly at each other for half a minute. Then she smiled. He may have smiled also.

"Dear me," said she, "it's rude to stare. We mustn't look at each other any more. Give me the poems."

He drew several manuscript sheets from his pocket and handed them over. Then he sat down quite near her.

"No," said she, "you are to stay over there with Kipling. It's dreadfully rude to look over people's shoulders while they are reading."

"Even when people are reading one's own poems?" he asked.

"Even when they are reading your own poems," she repeated, and pointed to the copy of Kipling.

He took the book and sat down as he was bid, at a distance. She unrolled the manuscript, smoothed out the sheets, and set about reading. He looked at her over the top of his Kipling. After a moment of careful attention to business she paused.

"Why do you write such a wretched hand?" said she. "I can't read a single word. What's this now—'Here's a sight'—or 'perfect fright,' I know it's got to rhyme with 'white.'"

He came across and bent over the manuscript. "That," said he gravely, "is 'angel bright.'"

"Oh," said she, "how funny! Now you may go back to that horrid Kipling of yours, till I need you again."

"But," said he, "if I'm going to read Kipling you mustn't ask me questions. It's rude to ask a fellow questions when he's reading."

She nodded. "So papa says,—but what are we to do? I don't want to be rude, of course, but I simply can't read verse by myself. Just look at this word now; I don't know whether it's French or Greek, I'm sure it's not English." She looked very pathetic and held up the paper with an appealing gesture.

He looked at her quite seriously.

"I say," said he, "suppose we sit on that couch and read those poems together. That would simplify matters."

She looked doubtful. "You think that wouldn't be rude?" she asked.

"I'm perfectly sure it couldn't be," said he.

And they sat down. The rest doesn't matter.



### Your Lips Say No.

Your lips say no, and yet I'll swear  
 Your eyes hold in their depths an air  
     Of yielding, love, to my request.  
 'T was by their limpid light I guessed  
 'T would not displease you did I dare.

O, scornful maid, do you not care,  
 When eyes be kind, what sting I bear?  
     Perhaps 't is but a cruel jest  
     Your lips say no.

Such tenderness your glances wear,  
 How shall I not forget despair?  
     When next I plead I'll think it best  
     To seek the answer I would wrest  
 Deep in your eyes' soft beaming, ere  
     Your lips say no.

### The Siren's Song.

See the twilight gently falling  
     O'er the lea;  
 Hear the curlew's distant calling  
     From the sea.  
 Watch the wavelets, ebbing, foaming,  
     As they play.  
 Till to darkness, evening gloaming  
     Fades away.

On the strand the stars are beaming  
     From above,  
 From our eyes are ever gleaming  
     Rays of love;  
 And we sing a song of yearning  
     For old times—  
 Anger fierce to friendship turning  
     By our chimes.

Dancing oft to music fairy  
     On the shore,  
 Come and with the sirens tarry  
     Ever more;  
 Sing the songs we sing entrancing,  
     By the sea;  
 Join us in our happy dancing  
     On the lea.



## An Idyl.

He loved her the best,  
Far more than the rest,  
But how was she to know;  
And when love died  
The woman sighed,  
"I wonder—wonder why."

'T was the love of a day,  
He went away,  
And oh, how sad was she;  
But others came,  
She smiled again—  
'T is the way of the world, you see.

Then back he came,  
'T was not the same,  
She calmly passed him by;  
"What use?" said he,  
"She's not for me,"  
And he sighed, "I wonder why."

## From Farmville Up.

The quick strokes of my horse's feet  
Beat out a ringing tune,  
On either side the pathway glide  
Strange shapes into the gloom.  
Red on the dark breast of the night  
The lights of Farmville gleam,  
Where watch and ward they keep above  
The palace of the queen.

From Venable's to Reynold's ranch,  
From Hart's to Holladay's,  
We laughed along the things that made  
The current of our days.  
Women and work, and dance and song,  
The Hebrew's monthly bill,  
And all the life that fizzles on  
The everlasting Hill.

From Farmville up—four years ago  
I learned the devious way,  
And Dunkum's hack is changeless still.  
And springless, still, to-day.  
But who shall say what dreams were mine  
Of lightly won renown—  
Dame Fortune could but smile on those  
Who wore the cap and gown.

Once more, once more, across the floor  
The waltzers rave and spin,  
And laughter sweet as kisses lost  
Re-echoes through the gym;  
The wailing music sobs and pleads,  
The lights flare cheerily—  
Oh, we at last have found the land  
Of long-lost Arcady.

## When Night Meets Day.

When Night meets Day across the purple hills,  
And, hand in hand, through the brief twilight lingers;  
When softest sound throughout the silence thrills—  
Perchance of harpstrings swept by fairy fingers;  
When the blushing color mantles o'er the sky;  
And e'en the earth takes on a radiant glory,  
I fall a-musing, as the moments die,  
O'er an old legend with a plaintive story:  
When Night meets Day.

In ages past, when this grim world was young—  
Was young, and happy in its new-born splendor,  
The future but a vague song, all unsung—  
Night and fair Day were lovers true and tender,  
So well they loved, that, lingering hand in hand,  
Their hearts in time to loving whispers beating,  
They dwelt together in the happy land,  
The story of their newborn love repeating.

But from the heavens went a stern decree,  
Which, each from each, the tender pair did sever,  
Strangers forever must the lovers be,  
Parted their hands and loving lips forever;  
In time, the pleadings of the stricken twain  
Softened the fiat hard, and it was granted,  
That they might meet—but meet to part again,  
To meet, and part, with hearts that ever panted.

And now, whene'er they meet, though years have past,  
Night kisses Day and whispers words so tender,  
So softly tender, as he holds her fast,  
That fair Day blushes to a rosy splendor,  
Such splendor, that the dome of heaven fills,  
And o'er the sea there falls a golden glory,  
And deeply-dimpled hollows of the hills,  
Are filled with ruddy light—thus runs the story,  
When Night meets Day.

MARY ANTOINETTE JOHNS.

## **She Once Said Yes.**

She once said yes, 't was long ago  
In days gone by—but now I know  
That love like hers could never last;  
The fleeting fancy quickly passed  
And vanished quite like melting snow.

Once, when the breezes soft did blow,  
Once, when the summer sun was low,  
And golden gleams around us east—  
She once said yes.

But, dark the shadows come and go,  
And fitful fancies ebb and flow,  
And linger o'er the fairy past,  
While dim the future seems, and vast—  
Though even now she answers no,  
She once said yes!

## **The Deuce to Pay.**

### **A Lenten Ballad.**

In the days of ashes and dust  
When fastings clear the rust  
Of the world from our souls away,  
Ah, what may a girl be at—  
May she dream of her Easter hat?  
Or may she only pray?

When there's never a ghost of a chance  
For an evening gown or a dance,  
Was there ever a time so drear?  
As only one day in the week  
For candy—so cold and bleak  
Is the Lenten atmosphere!

In the days of ashes and dust  
With water to drink and a crust  
And nothing to do ev'ry day,  
Ah, what may a girl be at  
When she hasn't an Easter hat  
For then—how can she pray?

### **The Broken Gvitar String.**

Poor broken string! Indeed I did not guess  
What ruin lay beneath my careless stress.

    Your tenderness of makè I did not know.

    Idly I found your soft, sweet sound too low,  
And now, in truth, I am not pitiless.

No more to chord with sister string, nor press  
Deft fingers with responsive light caress.

    Your quivering little life snapt shortly—so,

        Poor broken string.

And yet your silence speaks to me not less  
That outer ears mute meaning ne'er confess.

    Your dumb reproach distressingly does show

    How hearts highstrung may break beneath a blow  
All lightly laid in wanton idleness,

        Poor broken string.

## The Fable of the Gradvate.

THE Graduate rolled up his Diploma and made himself a Bow. Then he went out in the World, took up his Cue, and began to play the Game. And, being young and confident, he aimed boldly at the Stars and laughed at the Old Fellows who played for what was on the Table. When he fell down on his first Shot, he was surprised, but managed to laugh it off and even when he had shot several Times and missed each Shot, he could smile. But when he had played a long Time with never a Hit, his Smile began to grow sardonic and he made cynical Remarks when he paid for the Games and the Drinks.

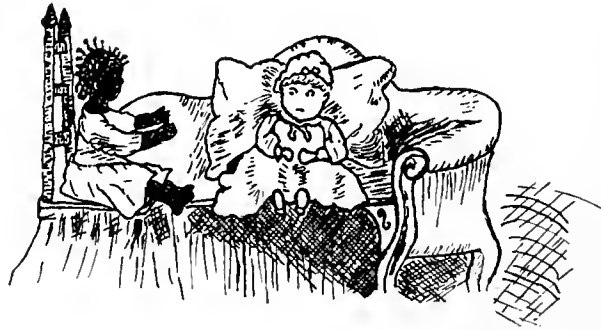


Then, because he could not hit the Stars, he would not learn a plain Game from the Old Fellows who knew, but tried all Sorts of Fancy Shots—and fell down on them. And when he paid for more Games and more Drinks he made more cynical Remarks and the Fellows who drank with him laughed—and he came to take his chief Pleasure in rude Sayings, so that, if by any Chance he won, he was rather disappointed, and the next Time made particularly fancy Shots and lost out. So he came to be a Man who said Things instead of doing Things.

But the Things he said grew by degrees more strained and freakish, and People said they were more sad than funny—and some looked bored, and some looked shocked, and others merely blank. So the World ceased to laugh at the Things he said—and he said other Things, and smiled a twisted Smile all to himself—a Smile that the Common Herd called wicked. And he, in return, called the Common Herd unflattering Names—as fat-brained and jelly-souled chumps.

Yet many of these people prospered and got their Jokes laughed at, and the fattest-brained of them all married the Woman who might have had the Graduate's hand and Heart—if he had thought it worth while to offer or she to take. This Incident made him Master of Jokes more bitter than all the rest, and he hated the Fattest-Brained of them all—and dined with him whenever he was invited—which was not often.

And so the Graduate grew middle aged and bald, and old and gray, and still he said Things—to other People when they would listen—to himself when other People turned a deaf ear. But all the Time he never did Anything. Finally he died and was buried, and some good Folk were kind enough to intend to set up over him a plain headstone—with an inscription of his own composition—but it happened that they forgot.





### **Ring Soft The Harp.**

Ring soft the harp, and let the air  
At morn and noon and evening bear  
    Its music sweet and low to-day,  
    And, ling'ring, I will list'ning stay  
And dream that 't is the voice of Claire.

Deep blue the sky, and all is fair—  
And dreaming I can know no care  
    While wing the hours so fast away—  
    Ring soft the harp.

The twilight falls I breathe a prayer:  
No more to weep, nor know despair,  
    So that perhaps some time I may  
    Complete and sing to her this lay—  
So while to sing of her I dare—  
    Ring soft the harp!

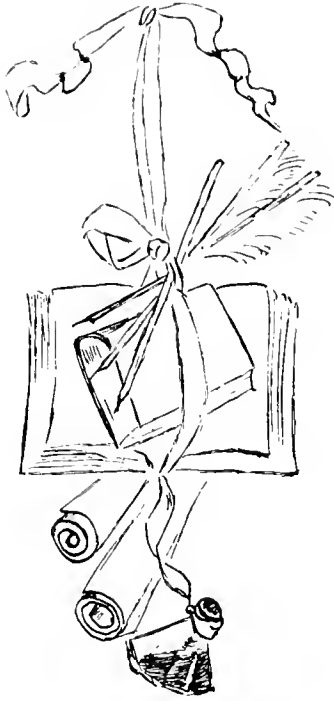
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### **The Song of the Vikings.**

Where the were-wolf howls to the storm king's wrath  
    And the gray sea lashes its angry mane,  
His prow has sped o'er a perilous path,  
    That few may follow and live again.

By the ice walls guarding the northern seas,  
    Where the white bear reigns o'er his floes alone,  
We steered, in the teeth of the northern breeze,  
    Straight on to the were-witch throne.

Our prayer is the song of the whistling gale,  
    Our laughter the shriek of the northern blast,  
The sea our goddess—she will not fail  
    To welcome us home at last.



### Puppy Love.

'Tis puppy love, but oh, it is  
 A darling little puppy;  
 If I could tell you what you miss,  
 If I could tell you of a kiss,  
 You'd search the world wide o'er for this,  
 From Iceland to Rhamputti—  
 'Tis puppy love, but oh, it is  
 A darling little puppy.



### Two Triolets.

The witch-flower, Marguerite,  
 Says that you love me still;  
 The witch-flower, Marguerite,  
 Yes, when'er I ask it sweet,  
 It spells as the petals fleet,  
 All that my heart could will.  
 The witch-flower Marguerite,  
 Says that you love me still.

Ah, a flower is but a girl,  
 Perhaps, perhaps it lies.  
 Though its petals be pure as pearl,  
 Ah, a flower is but a girl,  
 And life is a wicked whirl,  
 Where all grow worldly wise.  
 Ah, a flower is but a girl,  
 Perhaps, perhaps it lies.



### L'aine Classe de Francais.

Nous sommes une compagnie jolie,  
 Qui parle la langue francais  
 Gentement; eoutez—ainsi—  
 "Nous sommes une compagne jolie."  
 "Vous pronoucez tres bien." "Merçi."  
 C'est tout—vous comprenez.  
 Nous sommes une compagnie jolie  
 Qui parle la langue francaise.

### He Kissed Her Once.

He kissed her once—I guess 't was sweet,  
She looked so fair, young, and petite;  
And glances coy within her eye,  
Were not too bold and not too shy—  
He did it well—in fact 't was neat.

He held her hand—'t is very meet  
That lovers thus should always greet—  
Was this perhaps the reason why  
He kissed her once?

And then the dose he did repeat,  
For heart and hand did he entreat;  
I could not hear, I did not try,  
I envied him, yet could but sigh;  
And, even as I left my seat,  
He kissed her once.



---

### A Bunch of Daisies.

A bunch of daisies from her hand,  
She tossed upon the glistening sand;  
And then, when she was out of view,  
I picked them up—'t was *she* that threw  
Those daisies on the shining strand.

I wore them in a little band,  
And, while the evening breezes fanned  
And kissed my cheek, I kissed anew  
A bunch of daisies.

Perhaps she 'll wed a title grand,  
'T is wealth, not love, she will demand,  
This maiden fair with heart untrue;  
But still I keep them, faded, blue,  
'T is all I have—you understand—  
A bunch of daisies!

## The Captain Grim.

Forth he stalks with lifted hand,  
The Captain, gray and grim;  
And all who hear his dire command  
Must follow in his chosen band.  
For none may plead with him.

"Choose me of thy rank, I pray,  
O Captain, gray and grim,"  
Asked one. "I've marched a weary day."  
But the Captain turned his face away,  
Though the watcher's eye was dim.

"Call not me," came a cry low waft.  
"O Captain, grim and gray,  
I have but tasted the honeyed draught;  
Its sweeter drops I have not quaffed.  
And see! one bids me stay."

But he answers never a wanton word,  
The Captain, grim and gray.  
And when the summons dread is heard,  
All dumb, their garments on they gird—  
The plaints are theirs who stay.

With awe we view the banner pale  
Of the Captain, grim and gray.  
In his silent ranks, white lilies frail  
May wreath the calm brows, and sweets exhale;  
But wet with tears are they.

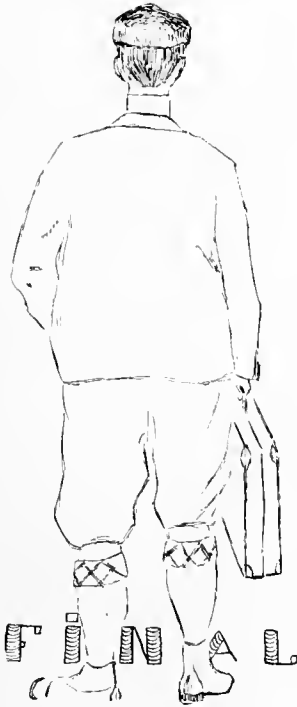
Then since we all must join the corps  
Of the Captain, gray and grim,  
As soldiers true and tried of yore  
We'll follow on and drink before  
We go, this health to him.

---

## The Bell Buoy.

The bell-buoy tossed as the waves rolled past,  
Now fast, now slow, unsteady it swung;  
"A score of wrecks on these rocks are cast,  
Beware the reefs!" It is mournfully sung,  
A sound of warning, a sound of dread,  
A knell it seemed in its direful clang,  
"Three hundred men 'mid these reefs lie dead,"  
Now loud, now soft, uncertain it rang;

The ice and sleet of a winter's blast  
Stopped and muffled its noisy tongue,  
And one more ship on the reef was cast,  
While from the rock the buoy was rung,  
And now the mariners oft-times fear,  
And great their terror and awe to tell  
How, far at sea in the night they hear  
The toll and clang of a floating bell.



## Commencement Season of 1900.

### Sunday Morning, June 10.

Baccalaureate Sermon, . . . REV. F. T. McFADEN, Lynchburg, Va.

### Sunday Evening.

Address before the Y. M. C. A., . . .  
 . . . . . REV. F. T. McFADEN, Lynchburg, Va.

### Monday Evening.

Union Society Celebration, . . . . .  
 . . . . . MR. E. B. HERNDON, JR., Presiding Officer

Medals presented to MESSRS. J. S. KUYKENDALL, '00; B. C. AVERILL, '01; HARDY CROSS, '02; E. P. NICHOLSON, '03.

Orations delivered by . . . J. M. KELLY, '00; ALEXANDER MARTIN, '01; W. A. McALLISTER  
 Marshals, MESSRS. PASCO and RUDY.

### Tuesday Morning, June 12.

Address before the Literary Societies, . . . . .  
 Address before the Society of Alumni, . . . REV. W. H. WOODS, D. D., Baltimore, Maryland

### Tuesday Evening.

Philanthropic Society Celebration, . . . . . MR. W. C. BELL, Presiding Officer

Medals presented to MESSRS. E. H. RICHARDSON, '00; R. H. WEBB, '01; W. S. LEE, '02;  
 J. E. B. HOLLADAY, '03.

Orations delivered by . . . MESSRS. J. E. TRIPLETT, '00; W. E. JONES, '01; R. C. STOKES, '01  
 Marshals, MESSRS. PANCAKE and L. L. DAVIS.

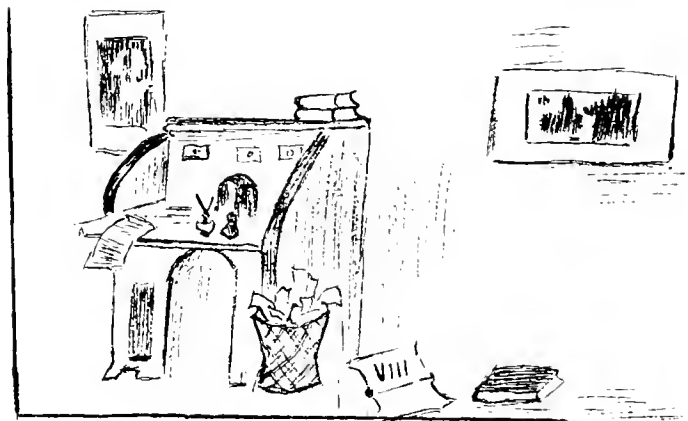
### Wednesday Morning, June 13.

Address by . . . . . Members of Graduating Class  
 Honors and Distinctions read by the President.  
 Degrees delivered to Graduating Class.

## Wednesday Evening—Senior Night.

### Visiting Young Ladies.

MISS LOULIE MARCIA MORTON,	MISS HALLIE OWEN,
MISS ROBBIE BERKELEY,	MISS PORTIA OWEN,
MISS LOTTIE MCKINNEY,	MISS MARY WOOD,
MISS SUSIE SCOTT,	MISS BESSIE HOOPER,
MISS MATTIE LEIGH CUNNINGHAM,	MISS HALLIE ECHOLS,
MISS GENEVIEVE VENABLE,	MISS NELLIE MORTON,
MISS LIZZIE WICKER,	MISS MARY DANIEL,
MISS NANNIE WRIGHT,	MISS MATTIE SHEPPERSON,
MISS A. BRUCE HOUSTON,	MISS SAIDIE JEFFRESS,
MISS MINNIE NOEL,	MISS WALLA JEFFRESS,
MISS ROCIA RAINE,	MISS LAURA STEBBINS,
MISS EMMA LORRAINE,	MISS MAMIE EASLEY,
MISS EPES,	MISS NANNIE DUPUY,
MISS NATALIE LANCASTER,	MISS CAMMIE JONES,
MISS ELIZABETH JONES,	MISS NELLIE SURPELL,
MISS EMMELINE THOMAS,	MISS CABELL WATKINS,
MISS MADGE GOODE,	MISS NELLIE KIRK,
MISS ALICE ATKINSON,	MISS EMMA ELY,
MISS GRACE ELGAN,	MISS HENRY.
MISS ISABEL NORVEL,	





CLARK, A. H.: "The restless tongue bespeaks the empty head."

BROWN, F. A.: "Ful longe were his legges and ful lene, y-lyk a staf there was no calf y-sene."

BOWDEN: "Not pretty but massive."

THE MAGAZINE STAFF: "Our heads were rough, our hands were black  
With inkstain's midnight hue."

THE SENIOR CLASS: "We're most of us liars, we're 'arf of us thieves, and  
the rest of us rank as can be,  
But once in a while we can finish in style, for the  
ends of the earth to see."

KUYKENDALL: "There's a Normal girl a-settin and I know she thinks  
o' me."

BELL, W. C.: "One day he fell out of a fourth story window to the pave-  
ment below, and when his parents picked him up he was—a poet."

THE FACULTY: "Make ye no truce with Adam—zad, the bear that walks  
like a man."

DAVIS, L. L.: "Budding sweetness, long drawn out."

JONES, T. N.: "Pleasant the snaffle of courtship."

JONES, H. P.: "The Kid was ordained to be sold."

JONES, L. R.: "If it be pleasant to look on——"

THE TRIO: "From all ye damnèd tribe of Jones,"  
"Good Lord deliver us."

CALDWELL: "There is a difference between distinction and notoriety."

ROBERTS: "None whole or free from stain."

THE ANNUAL BOARD: "Bribe, murder, marry—but steer clear of ink."

THE HILL CALIC: "Old as my unpaid bills."

THE FRESHMAN CLASS: "We are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes that ranged  
India's prehistoric clay."

PILSON, J. W. H.: "Five hundred men can take your place."

JONES, H. P.: "The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the pain of  
the next."

PARSONS: "Verily mine own swagger is the swagger of one striving in vain  
to excite laughter."

PAYNE: "He is the jester and the jest."

THE FOOTBALL TEAM: "Let us now praise famous men."

THE SENIOR: "Blatant he bids the world bow down."

I. W. HARPER: "The cynic devil in our blood  
That bids us mock our hurrying souls."

THE FARMVILLE ROAD: "The scandal of the elder earth."

AFTER EXAMS: "And some of us lived but the most of us died."

PRITCHETT, J. T.: "Have done with childish days."

CALDWELL AND DR. BAGBY: "Yet we do not fall on the neck  
Nor kiss when we come together."

WEBB: "Oh, 'e 's little, but 'e 's wise,  
'E 's a terror for 'is size."

JOHNSON, A. P.: "But, Lord, what things are they I 'avn't done!"

PORTNER: "I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than  
on his cheek."

OSBORNE: "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great  
world."



HOOPER: " So he standeth next to none  
In getting off a beastly pun."

WORSHAM: " So lonely 't was that God himself scarce seemed to be there."

GILLIAM, R. A.: " Then he would talk ; my stars how he would talk !"

HART: " Can anything good come out of Worsham?"

EPES: " There lived a knight, when knighthood was in flow'r  
Who charmed alike the tilt-yard, and the bou'r."

EVERSOLE: "Nihil peccavit, nisi quod nihil peccavit."

RICHARDSON: " Towards many girls by him possessed  
He shambles forth in cosmic guise."

THE SENIOR LATIN CLASS: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

WAUCHOPE: " Thy hair, sweet sir, is lovelier than the dawn."

HOLLADAY: " Inopportune, shrill accented  
With acrid Asiatic mirth."

GILLIAM, R. A.: " I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd  
Of the patently Impossible and Vain."

JONES, L. R.: " By a bitter road the younger son must travel."

BUFORD: " If that be Art, sir, Raphael was no artist."

PHIFER: " His being a Freshman covers a multitude of sins."

EPES: " I pray you do not fall in love with me  
For I am false'r than vows made in wine."


THE FARMVILLE GIRLS: " Toys of an hour,  
Yet still we hug the dear delusion."

THE FINAL GERMAN: " In that day seven men shall take hold of one  
woman."

THE POKER PLAYERS: " But in the midnight's solemn hush  
He holds a hand that is not thine,  
He sitteth close beside the wine,  
And dallies with a bobtail flush."

CAMPBELL: " Too fresh to keep; too green to eat; throw it away."

THE KALEIDOSCOPE: " A book 's a book although there 's nothing in it."



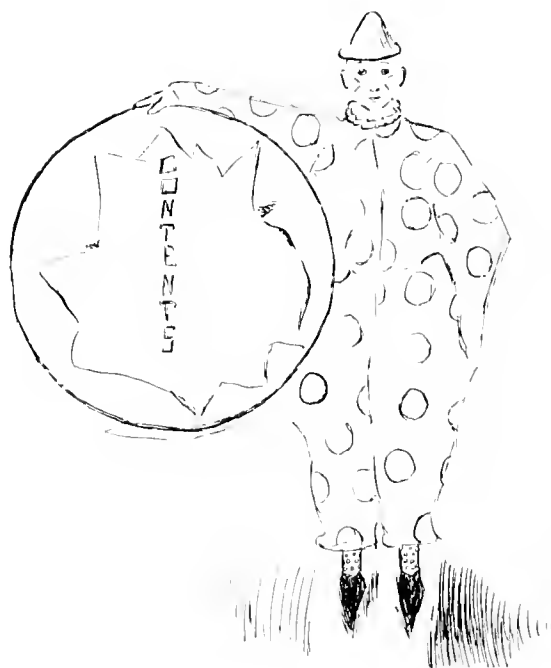
Our work is done—here at the last we greet  
You sadly, for we nevermore shall meet;  
We ask once more your countenance and grace,  
If we shall win—but, if we lose the race,  
Your kindness shall soften our defeat.

The curtain drops, the play is all complete,  
We lay our little story at your feet,  
And pray you give it in your heart a place—  
Our work is done.

We loved and labored—it is you that mete  
To us of censure or of praises sweet  
Our portion just, for time flies on apace,  
And we are soon forgotten; yet we face  
Once more the days we loved, ere we repeat,  
“Our work is done.”



**THE END.**



	PAGE
Foreword (Poem), . . . . .	6
Editors, . . . . .	9
Calendar, . . . . .	10
Trustees, . . . . .	11
Faculty, . . . . .	12
Society of Alumni, . . . . .	13
"Le Gant de Claire," . . . . .	15
A Short History of the KALEIDOSCOPE, .	18
Some Distinctive Features of Hampden- Sidney College, . . . . .	21
MR. "V," . . . . .	24
William C. Cabell, . . . . .	26
Rev. James Blythe, D. D., . . . . .	31
Rev. William Hill, D. D., . . . . .	34
Colonel Henry Stokes, . . . . .	37
Kemp Plummer, . . . . .	39
The Mountain Top (Poem), . . . . .	44
Senior Class, . . . . .	45
Senior Class Members, . . . . .	47
Quondam Members, . . . . .	54
Senior Class History, . . . . .	55
Junior Class, . . . . .	56
Junior Class Members, . . . . .	57

	PAGE
Junior Class History, . . . . .	59
Sophomore Class . . . . .	60
Sophomore Class Members, . . . . .	61
Sophomore Class History, . . . . .	62
Freshman Class, . . . . .	63
Freshman Class Members, . . . . .	64
Freshman Class History, . . . . .	65
Weariness (Poem), . . . . .	66
Beta Theta Pi, . . . . .	68
Phi Kappa Psi, . . . . .	70
Chi Phi, . . . . .	72
Phi Gamma Delta, . . . . .	74
Sigma Chi, . . . . .	76
Upsilon of Kappa Sigma, . . . . .	78
Phi Kappa Alpha, . . . . .	80
Kappa Alpha, . . . . .	82
Ye Christmas Symphony (Poem), . . .	84
Y. M. C. A., . . . . .	86
Theta Nu Epsilon, . . . . .	88
R. H. O. C. T., . . . . .	89
Hampden-Sidney, . . . . .	90
Tabb's Tavern, . . . . .	91
Camera Club, . . . . .	92

	PAGE
Calico Club, . . . . .	93
Augusta Club, . . . . .	94
West Virginia Club, . . . . .	95
Venable's Inn, . . . . .	96
Reynold's Ranch, . . . . .	97
Lacey House, . . . . .	98
Carrington Club, . . . . .	99
Cotillion Club, . . . . .	100
The Golfers, . . . . .	101
Gunning Club, . . . . .	102
The Smokers, . . . . .	103
First Passage Club, . . . . .	104
Fourth Passage Club, . . . . .	105
Lawyers' Club, . . . . .	106
Doctors' Club, . . . . .	107
Hoge Academy Club, . . . . .	108
Ye Wine Bibbers, . . . . .	109
Dramatic Club, . . . . .	110
Glee Club, . . . . .	112
A Football Toast (Poem), . . . . .	114
College Football Team, . . . . .	116
College Baseball Team, . . . . .	118
Gymnasium Team, . . . . .	120
College Track Team, . . . . .	122
Hampden-Sidney Tennis Association, . . . . .	123
Bicycle Club, . . . . .	124
1900 Class Football Team, . . . . .	125
1900 Class Baseball Team, . . . . .	126
Ballade of a Football Girl (Poem), . . . . .	127
Carmen Amorum (Poem), . . . . .	128
Editorial, . . . . .	130
Union Society, . . . . .	132
Philanthropic Society, . . . . .	134
Hampden-Sidney Magazine, . . . . .	136
Our Artists, . . . . .	138
Ballade of a Literary Man (Poem), . . . . .	140
The Athlete (Poem), . . . . .	142
Ballade of a Loafer (Poem), . . . . .	144
A Rondeau of Scholars (Poem), . . . . .	146
Ballade of a Sport (Poem), . . . . .	148

	PAGE
The Calico Man (Poem), . . . . .	150
When She is Gone (Poem), . . . . .	152
1 Chronicles, I, . . . . .	153
A Song of Hampden-Sidney (Poem), . . . . .	156
The College Cynic, . . . . .	161
The Girl and the Violin (Poem), . . . . .	165
Claire (Poem), . . . . .	166
Dream-Time, . . . . .	167
Rondelets (Poem), . . . . .	170
Letter to Board of Trustees, . . . . .	171
Child's Primer of College Men (Poem), . . . . .	173
A Commencement Idyl (Poem), . . . . .	174
All Promenade (Poem), . . . . .	174
Politeness (Poem), . . . . .	174
Pipe Pictures, . . . . .	175
Villanelle (Poem), . . . . .	178
My Lady's Lips (Poem), . . . . .	179
Requiescat (Poem), . . . . .	179
Rudeness vs. Poetry, . . . . .	180
Your Lips Say No (Poem), . . . . .	182
The Siren's Song (Poem), . . . . .	182
An Idyl (Poem), . . . . .	183
From Farmville Up (Poem), . . . . .	183
When Night Meets Day (Poem), . . . . .	184
She Once Said Yes (Poem), . . . . .	185
The Deuce to Pay (Poem), . . . . .	185
The Broken Guitar String (Poem), . . . . .	186
The Fable of the Graduate, . . . . .	187
Ring Soft the Harp (Poem), . . . . .	189
The Song of the Vikings (Poem), . . . . .	189
Puppy Love (Poem), . . . . .	190
Two Triolets (Poem), . . . . .	190
"L'aine Classe de Francais" (Poem), . . . . .	190
He Kissed Her Once (Poem), . . . . .	191
A Bunch of Daisies (Poem), . . . . .	191
The Captain Grim (Poem), . . . . .	192
The Bell Buoy (Poem), . . . . .	192
Finals, . . . . .	193
Grinds, . . . . .	195
Our Work is Done (Poem), . . . . .	198









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PRESIDENT.

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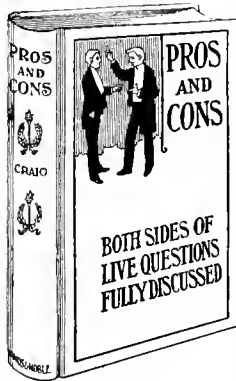
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